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OVER routes as long as 7,000 miles the professional foot-
ball clubs are now playing their way through the coun-
try, game by exhibition game, back to the stadiums in which
they will open their regular season in three weeks. Profession-
al football has made tremendous strides in recent years. Now
no sport, with the possible exception of baseball and college
football, draws greater or more devoted attention on a na-
tional scale. In a PREVIEW beginning on page
54 of this issue Alfred Wright looks at the
clubs and analyzes the reasons for the growth
and particular appeal of the pro game, which
extensive television programming will intro-
duce to more people this year than ever before.



This week's PREVIEW is the kickoff for the complete cov-
erage of all planned

Next week
Wilkinson,
games (and
Cotton



football which our editors have
from now through the Bowl games.
the great coach of Oklahoma, Bud
whose Sooners have won 19 straight
who, you may recall, reported the
Bowl game for us last January) will
be on the cover. And in CONVERSATION PIECE, Joan Flynn
Dreyspool finds the Wilkinson personality as winning as Wil-
kinson teams. In the same issue SI's head line-
man, Herman Hickman, marks out the Eleven
Elvens, his preseason predictions of the teams
which will rank at the top when the season is
over. Then Hickman hits the gridiron trail, re-
porting from the practice fields in weekly order
the prospects within the five major sections of the country:

the Pacific Coast (SI, Sept. 19), Midwest
(Sept. 26), Southwest (Oct. 3), South (Oct.
10) and East (Oct. 17). When the season
starts, the intrepid Hickman will regular-
ly extend his oak-sized neck in HICKMAN'S
HENCHES, trying to pick the week's winners.



"Goodness knows," he says of this, "it's a precarious profes-
sion." But in 1954 Hickman took a blushing bow for a per-
centage of .727 over the season and then proceeded to bat
1,000 on his Bowl choices.

Last year SI published enough football to fill a 250-page
book. This year, with scouting reports, the week's scores,
nationwide coverage by our staff of experts and Time, Inc.
correspondents, and color and black-and-white photography
which only SI brings, it takes no Hickman to predict an-
other undefeated, untied season for the 600,000 families who
fill SI's stadium each week.

Henry Phillips

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DAVIS CUP SPECIAL

FOREST HILLS AND BEYOND

Australian Team Captain HARRY NORMAN tells how he brought his *Amateur* up to the mark for the Challenge Round, and some of the thoughts that went through his head as he watched his rival (page 16). U.S. Team Captain WILLIAM F. TALBERT analyzes the Australian victory and the performance of the U.S. players, with some thoughts for the future (page 22). Plus an observed account of the play-by-play of Forest Hills by ALFRED WRIGHT (page 18).

13 SPECTACLE: AMERICAN LEAGUE BASEBALL

MARK KAUFMAN's action photographs capture the stride and hope of the contenders as the season enters its last month.

12 THE BATTLE ROYAL

The *Joshua*, *White Star* and *Posidon* have taken to tussling up to the top and falling down again all across Asia. Last week ROBERT CREAGER and the *Joshua* demonstrate just how it's done.

10 BROTHERS UNDER THE SEA

Art, Fred and Don FINDER, with their cousin Charles, are the best under-water hunters in America. COLIN PINNEY and BIL's color camera go along with them for an unusual documentary in words and eight pages of pictures.

41 THE BUNKHOUSE KING OF THE POLO FIELD

His name is Cecil Smith, he's a Texas pony breeder, a 10-year player and at 24 his profession is respected all over the world, rough game. By ROBERT SHAPLEN.

31 PREVIEW: PRO FOOTBALL HITS THE CLOVER

Their years of frothing behind, the big-time teams have now come into their own and are looking forward to their final year. ALFRED WRIGHT reports in detail on teams, players and prospects.

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42 **Yesterday:** No blending enthusiast will ever forget the ride of Miles-Minnie Murphy.



COVER: FRED AND ART FINDER

Photograph by Ed Fisher

It isn't often that a FINDER brother, much less two of them, is caught above water. Usually they are submerged 10 or more feet under, gliding over coral reefs with spear in hand and a hunter's alert in their eyes. There are three Finders in all, and together the big, capable Minnies have the best sportfishing team in the United States. Beginning on page 33, Colin Pinney tells how they got that way, and in eight pages of brilliant color Photographer Ed Fisher follows the Finders on a watery safari off Abaco, the Bahamas.

Minny's background on page 44.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

HERMAN HICKMAN'S ELEVEN BEST ELEVEN'S

Launching its full-scale coverage of 1955 college football, SI presents its football expert's choice of the top teams. With schedules, players and detailed commentaries.

CONVERSATION PIECE: SUBJECT: BUD WILKINSON

Joan Flynn Drayson reports on the University of Oklahoma's great football coach, describing in his own words the tactics and philosophy which have built top teams.

SCOREBOARD

A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

■ **Atle Vanrobil**, little 14-year-old Dutch swim star, fortified by "strength-giving" brown beans, swamched 160-meter butterfly in rapid 1:13.2 at Algiers to lower world record for second time in month. ■ **Harold Connolly**, crackhead-level former Boston College weight specialist, threw hammer 506 feet 10 inches, bettered man U.S. mark at Boston. ■ **Buck Rosenberg**, 29-year-old University of Miami sprinter, chased off six-foot jump Redford tomorrow going 10 mph, leaped 121 feet five but further than first airplane flight for new world water ski jump record in successful defense of national championship at Lakeland.

Fla. Other world records in same meet: Mary Ann Monnett of West Palm Beach, 60-foot jump in girls' (14-16) division; Karl Pippig of Hollywood of Panama City, Fla., 75-foot jump in veterans' class. ■ **Ralph Miller**, stylish St. Louis, N.H. skier in training for Winter Olympic Games, advanced specially measured 45° slope at incredible 108.11 mph in bank, world speed record (held by Italy's Enzo Coto) by nearly 12 mph at Portillo, Chile. ■ **Bob Williams** of Dayton, Ill., drove six miles in 4:13.90; **Ernie Davis** of Kokomo, Ind., hurried through five miles in 6:03.58, for new world marks in late model stock car races at St. Paul.

TENNIS

Australians got off to 2-0 lead when **John Ken Rosewall** beat **Vic Seixas** 6-3, 10-8, 4-6, 6-2 and powerful **Low Head** sport **Tony Trabert** 6-0, 6-0, 6-0, 6-0 in singles, clinched Davis Cup next day as **Head** teamed with sharpshooting **Ken Hawtrey** to outlast U.S. pair in five-set marathon 12-10, 1-6, 6-0, 3-6, 7-5 at Forest Hills, N.Y. **Asselin** completed 6-0 shutout as **Head** trounced **Seixas** 7-5, 6-1, 6-4, 6-4 and **Rosewall** turned back **Sam Richardson**, substiting for **Trabert**, 6-4, 3-6, 6-1, 6-4 (see page 12).

Kenji Kamei and **Atsushi Miyagi**, speedy young Japanese combination, squandered two-set lead at Roselands, Mass., bounced back to whip hopeful but below par **Jerry Moss** and **Bill Quillan** 6-2, 6-0, 6-6, 1-6, 6-4 in watered-down U.S. national doubles tournament plagued by postponements because of heavy rains, withdrawal of U.S. and Australian Davis Cup stars, Gary swerve **Leslie Brugh** and **Mrs. Margaret Osborne du Pont** parlayed power and shrewdness into 6-4, 1-6, 6-3 victory over defending champions **Jimmy Fry** and **Doris Hart**, won women's title for 16th time.

BASEBALL

New York, Chicago and Cleveland bounced in and out of American League best like rubber ball bat at week's end. It was Yankees who held top spot by one-half game over White Sox, full game over Indians. Tanks tumbled into Cleveland with 1½ game edge over Chicago, won first game on fine pitching of **Bookie Rip Coleman**, then lost two straight as Indians heard entry news that **Outfielder-First Baseman Tim Lincecum** was suffering from polio. Veterans **Bob Lemon** pitched Cleveland to 3-2 victory, came back next day to beat Yankees 7-6 with pinch hit sacrifice fly **Yulky Auble**'s three-run homer (last score), tie rivals in flat-topped tie for lead when Chicago beat two-out of three to seventh-place Washington. New York moved back to top by splitting Sunday double-header with Chicago, winning 6-1 on **Whitey Ford**'s pot-roast pitching, however by **Mickey Martin** (No. 34) and **Yogi Berra** (No. 21), and losing 3-0. Meanwhile Cleveland ran into trouble against Washington, forced twice to **lovely Senators** 6-2, 11-4 (see page 21).

Boston Red Sox remained within halting distance of embattled leaders, 3½ games behind New York, thanks to robust hitting of **swayzoid Ted Williams**, who single-handedly beat Detroit 4-0 with sixth-inning grand slam home (14th of career); **Jackie Jensen**, who became first American League to bat in 100 runs; **Eddie Joost** and **Glady Hatten**, who helped beat Kansas City 14-2.

Brooklyn Dodgers, safely ensconced in National League lead but worried about rising **Milwaukee Braves** and paying more attention to losing fans, began week with double win over Chicago 6-4, 9-3, faltered long enough to lose three straight to Cincinnati 8-3, 6-1, 4-2, then got tremendous lift from pair of rookie pitchers: 19-year-old **bram baby Sandy Kousser**, who shut out **Redlegs** 7-0 with two hits, fanned 11; **Karl Spencer**, who beat St. Louis 6-1. Milwaukee, riding high after three-game sweep over hapless New York Giants, ran into unexpected double setback by last-place **Pirates** 10-2, 2-0, settled down 11-1, games behind Dodgers.

Philadelphia Phillies became league's hottest team, beating Milwaukee 4-3, St. Louis 11-9 (for **Kalvin Roberts**' 21st victory), 6-3 to stretch winning streak to six before losing 4-1, moved back to whip **Cards** 8-2, belted Cincinnati 7-0, 8-3 to take third place from Giants and draw within 3½ games of second place.

Rich Cusick, peppery little catcher skilled to right field because of injury suffered in right hand while "bouncing around," unloaded seventh-inning home run to give **Merrillville, Pa.** 4-0 extra-inning victory over Delaware Township, N.J. in Little League World Series at Williamsport, Pa.

SWIMMING

Bill (Superman) Pickering of Roselands, England, told to "get in water and swim — or else" by angry neighbors who raised \$200 to finance him, plunged his 232 pounds into freezing English Channel at Dover, battled heavy sea and terrible thunder storms for 14 hours, 4 minutes, pulled himself ashore near Calais, was **overtaken** to admit he made crossing only "in case you'll find from having to lead a dog's life." **Big Bill's** reward: Channel Swimming Association recognized his time as official record.

HORSE RACING

Nordika, Florida-owned-and-bred, son of 1945 Kentucky Derby winner **Pendler**, stomped up from seventh place, passed leading **Naz's Mink**, **Decathlon** and **Polly's Jet**, outperformed home three and one-half lengths ahead of **Cancer Boy** to win \$21,769 **Hopital Stakes** at Saratoga Springs, N.Y. and become **Karl's** leading candidate for 2-year-old honors.

Willie Shoemaker beat home **Duke's Lea**, **Calumet Farm's** 4-year-old dark bay colt in driving **Chick**, edged **Blue Chair** by exact time in \$24,124 **Mendocorn Handicap** at Washington Park, Homewood, Ill. for his fifth win of day, closed in an **Willie Shoemaker** is race for national jockey honors. **Shoemaker** now has 263, leads **Shocks** by two.

Harry M. Warner, Hollywood movie producer, outbid Texas **Gilman Ralph Lawe**, paid world-record price of \$25,000 for stud service of **Box Elizabeth's** **Whisper**, sire of **Swaps**, at breeding auction held in advance of Del Mar yearling sales. Highest previous stud fee \$10,000 paid three times for **Maple Charger**, English-bred stallion.

BOXING

Carl (Boke) Olson, bustling world middleweight champion, hardly looked his 4-1 favorite as young **G.L. Joey Giambone** tagged him with jarring left hooks in early rounds, but came back to score frequently with solid body punches, was voted unanimous 10-round decision (boxed lustily by usually pro-Olsen crowd) in hostile bout at San Francisco's **Corso Palace**. **Giambone** "thought" he was about to finish, hoped his commanding general at Ft. Hood, Tex. saw fight on TV: "Maybe he'll make me a private first class for a reward."

Bob Baker, sharpshooting Pittsburgh heavyweight, was staggered by trounced-down **Ron Layne** in fifth, recovered to counterpunch his way to split decision in 10-round at West Jordan, Utah.

Chuck Harvey, welterweight darling of TV who was unknown in 39 bouts until recognized by **Kid Gavilan** in 1953, made first comeback start, looked as better while speeding out dull 10-round split decision over **Pat Marti** at Saginaw, Mich.

GOLF

Pat Lever, spectacular Brooklyn-born Seattle University swimmer, beached back after bad eighth hole, displayed scowling putting accuracy on tricky Bermuda greens to score 7 and 8 wins over **Indianapolis** schoolmate **Jane Nelson** for U.S. women's amateur title at Charlotte, N.C. (see page 44).

Gene Lister, pit-mined **Palm Springs, Calif.** pro, finished in 252 in with rallying **Sam Leonard** of Vancouver, got routine par five on last extra hole to win **Labatt's Open** and \$4,250 at Montreal.

SAILING

Sandy Daughman of Mentor, Ohio, who designed **Thelma** class and built first boat, sailed his **Punkie** to victory in national championship on Lake St. Clair at Detroit. Other championships divided in busy week: **Gary Skelids Jr.** of Larchmont, N.Y., took International 110 title with his **Oriskany Ocean City, N.J.**; **Jimmy Kasevich** of Oyster Bay, N.Y., grandson of President **Theodore Roosevelt**, shipped **Old Crow** to Raven Class meet at Port-In-Bay, Ohio; **Hank Ross** of Indian Harbor Yacht Club (Greenwich, Conn.) took fourth place in final race, scored on **Dix Virel** of Los Angeles Yacht.

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JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

Is sailing
as glamorous
as it was
in the days of
the America's Cup Race?

GRACE KELLY, Hollywood, Calif.
Actress



"Yes. Any kind of sailing is exciting, whether it's in a catboat or a big sloop. I would like to see the America's Cup Race revived. International races haven't taken its place. But I'm afraid that big sailing yachts, like the great Newport racers, are things of the past."

MARQUIS XAVIER DONATIEU
DE ROCHAMBEAU
Paris



"Yes. Sailing is the most interesting sport. The America's Cup Race was the greatest sports event in the world. It had front-page publicity everywhere. But special yachts had to be built to cross the Atlantic. Not even Lipton, Vanderbilt or Sopwith could do that with today's races."

JOHN BARRY RYAN, Newport, R.I.



"Yes, because so many more persons are sailing. Sailing is the only real amateur sport in America. More boats are afloat, and there are more classes, right down to the sailfish (catboat) with sail. They've given Annapolis the Newport race. That was foolish. We can guarantee a wind. Annapolis can't."

ROBERT GOELET, Newport, R.I.



"Although more people are sailing, there isn't the great interest we had at the America's Cup Race in Newport. That was the greatest sports story in the world. But people can't afford these things today, not with the burdensome income tax and the almost obligatory inheritance tax."

MIRL JAMES M. BECK, Newport, R.I.



"Yes. Yachting used to be a private affair. Today our 14th Lewis Yacht Club stages five big regattas. Even 11-year-olds race twice a week. Newport is the setting for the Bermuda race. All these present a glamorous spectacle. Other towns have sailing events, and colleges compete in dinghy races."

JEAN-CLAUDE MORAND, Paris, France

Airline Executive



"No, not internationally. Sir Thomas Lipton led with the Shamrock V in 1908, T.O.M. Sopwith lost with the Endeavour J and Endurance J and Endurance II in 1934 and 1937. Rivalry Van derbilt won each time. Capt. Thomas Blom, Newport harbormaster, taught him his racing. These races are great sailing and in a petter."

COMTE PHILIPPE DE LAFAYETTE

France



"Unfortunately, I am from the center of France and not a sailing man. As a sailor, I'm a good automobile driver. But there is nothing as beautiful in sport as a fleet of sailing ships. Many more persons own small sailing boats in France today. The sport is inexpensive and a lot of fun."

BETSY FERRINS, Park Union, Va.

High School Teacher



"There was more rash than. My father, a Navy captain, told me it was also more social. That I would like. But sailing today is more fun. I saw the start of the Newport-to-Sweden race. A fleet watched from Foley Judith to Breton's Reef. It was the most beautiful sight I have ever seen."

ROBERT D. MURPHY

Deputy Under Secretary of State



"Yes. Sailboats are in much greater demand today. The glamor associated with the America's Cup Race is gone, but we have international races with smaller boats. Hardly anyone can afford to build and race big ships anymore; but syndicates could revive the America's Cup Race."

REAR ADMIRAL JEAN-CLAUDE CHAMPION

Asst. Chief of Staff, French Armed Forces



"Sailing is more interesting than ever because it is a splendid sport that more people have mastered. In our naval school at Brest we stage sailing regattas to give our cadets a sense of command. A French naval officer must know sailboats as well as a helmsman & repair."

CHARLES S. THOMAS

Secretary of the Navy



"Yes. Sailing used to be the monopoly of the East. Now every section of the country has its races. On the West Coast we have the annual trans-Pacific race to Honolulu. But the Newport America's Cup Race should be revived. Its social and purely amateur level gave it worldwide interest."

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Australia's cup runneth over • Ike gives a golf lesson • Olympics unite Germany • Fast track for croquet • Tale of a mountaineer • High cost of fast birds • King in check

WAIT TELL NEXT YEAR

I'VE ALWAYS FELT," said Vic Seixas after participating in three of five U.S. Davis Cup losses to Australia last weekend, "that if you can't do anything else in tennis, you can fight. But I've felt that I was fighting with a toothpick this week, and that the other fellows were fighting with clubs." It was an accurate explanation, not only of Australia's overwhelming victory, but of the emotional climate in which the 1955 matches were played. It was an exciting tennis tournament, for all the lopsided outcome; time and again Seixas, Tony Trabert and their teammate Ham Richardson seemed on the point of darning the torrent of speed and precision which the Australians brought to bear at Forest Hills, but the torrent was never quite contained. Instead, the dam burst.

Only eight months had elapsed since the same Trabert and the same Seixas won the Davis Cup from the same Australians and brought it back to the U.S. Few would have believed, before play began, that a clean sweep by Australia was possible—or that it could come from anything but a series of flukes. Australia's triumph, however, was no fluke at all—in retrospect it was possible to conclude that the U.S. had been much more fortunate (although this does not mean lucky) in winning last year than was generally believed until the two teams faced each other for the Cup once more.

Though veterans, Australia's Lew

Head (of the racquetball service) and Ken Rosewall (of the deadly backhand) are but 26 years old. They were not only closer to maturity than last year, but last week were brought to Forest Hills in supreme form. Seixas (who is 32) and Trabert (who is 25) were suddenly—only slightly—but tellingly outclassed. But it is probably wrong to predict that Australia's 26-year-olds are certain to reign for years. For one thing both are sure to be courted by professionalism. For another, U.S. tennis has a way of producing talented youth too. And the game's faint, fascinating margins of superiority will be as important in the future as they were last week.

THE COMMON DENOMINATOR

DWIGHT EISENHOWER is on vacation in Colorado, but as usual the morning last week there was work to be done. He went over the top mail, spent a couple of conference hours on reclamation and western water-resources problems, signed an order making federal lands available for defense plants damaged in the New England floods, and heard a back-from-London report by Ambassador Winthrop Aldrich. Then the President of the United States picked up his vacation again.

Waiting for him at Denver's Cherry Hills Country Club stood a group of

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CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

The Brooklyn Dodgers discovered a long-neglected pitching resource on their own bench when they won: 19-year-old Sandy Kousser, a katan rookie (\$14,000) without minor-league experience, out to start a game against Cincinnati. In a two-hit victory, Kousser struck out 14, more than any other National League pitcher this year.

Novelist, hard-core Florida horseman of the 1949 Kentucky Derby winner, Powder, identified himself as a two-year-old to remember by beating Polly's Jet and others in the Hopedale Stakes at Saratoga, a race won in their own day by Man o' War, Whirlaway, Native Dancer and Nashua.

Joey Gluska, 34-year-old Army private from Buffalo, took a furlough from Camp Hood to meet Middleweight Champion Carl (Babe) Olson in a non-title fight. Though he lost the decision, Private Gluska threw as much hard and fast leather

that he marked himself as a rising man, went back to Camp Hood with the promise of a middeweight title match in February.

Handicapper Car Lombardi inherited a new name into the old score between the Gold Cup champion Gale V (31, Aug. 18) and the speedy, Tied James-designed Seattle heat Miss Thrifway in the Silver Cup Regatta on the Detroit River. Lombardi, a sometime racing driver himself, sat back and watched his Tomco VII, driven by Danny Foster, easily beat both the Gold Cup stars, among many others.

Pat Leiser, 23-year-old Brooklyn-born daughter of a retired Army colonel, crashed past such strong contenders as Betty Ann Downey and Polly Riley, then occurred an Indianapolis schoolteacher, Jane Nelson, 7 and 4, to become U.S.'s national women's golf champion of 1955, at the Myers Park Country Club in Charlotte, N.C.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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other well-known Americans. Ike singled out a hulking, graying fellow named "Bugs" Dean, one of the St. Louis Cardinals' Gas House Gang, saw a TV grammarian.

"Dad," said the President, shaking his hand, "for a man that plays golf as well as you do, how can you permit yourself to get so overweight?" "Well, Mr. President," said Dean, "I'll tell ya. I was on a diet for 25 years and now that I'm making some money I'm gonna eat good."

It was Bob Hope's turn. Ike Kisenhower snickered critically as he chartered a practice drive far off to the right. "Let me have that club, Bob," he said. "I'll show you how to hit the ball. Play it off your left foot, see, and keep your weight steady." Ike stepped into his backswing, unbalanced and socked the ball 225 yards down the fairway.

Thereafter, that day, the President of the United States had trouble of his own with golf, but before heading back to his desk at the Summer White House he took time for a serious, strictly non-kidding remark.

"As far as I'm concerned the greatest common denominator in our country is sports. There's nothing I enjoy more."

COMMON DENOMINATOR CONT.

IN GERMANY a couple of days later came more evidence of the sort of thing Ike Kisenhower had been talking about. Sports officials from West Germany met with their opposite numbers from East Germany and agreed to the unification of their country—something that has baffled statesmen since 1945. West Germany and East Germany will get together, the sportsmen decided, and send a unified German team to the 1956 Olympics.

CROQUET SET

SARATOGA'S August racing season has been bringing a wage-minded set to the historic old New York spa for generations—and for generations the town's money-grubbing set has watched the goings-on with a mixture of wonderment and resignation. All of which comes to mind because of the experience of an elderly aunt of one of this magazine's correspondents. She owns a house outside Saratoga with an expense of lawn, and when the young fellow in the fancy new convertible offered her \$500 for the use of her place

for just two weeks of the racing season, it was more than her New England background could resist. She accepted advance payment and arranged to move in with a niece.

But her conscience bothered her in the days that followed, when she thought of the outrageous rent and the young fellow with nothing to do when they were not at the track. She went to a hardware store and bought the second most expensive croquet set in the place. She left it conspicuously in a chair in the kitchen, and felt better about the whole thing.

Occasionally she drove past her house late in the morning. Every time, there were four men in sports shirts,



carrying mallets, out on her lawn. They looked like large healthy children to her, and her heart was glad.

In the afternoon of her guests' departure, she drove over to see them off, and to see that the furniture was unharmed and the croquet intact. She found the young man who had first talked to her busy stowing luggage in the trunk of the convertible.

"I'm glad to see that you enjoyed the croquet set," she ventured.

"Some of us enjoyed it," the young man said dutifully.

"Some of you? Some of me? You were all playing when I drove past."

"Some of us enjoyed it," the young man said again. "I lost over \$500 at your silly game."



BIRD IN HAND

*Her part was purposely missed,
Altered but strictly told.
He saw a compensation
And well put about it all right.*

—IRVING L. STRIN

SIX NIGHTS ON THE NEEDLE

THE GREAT PEAK of Mount Blanc looms in the cold white grandeur above unexcited, briefing granite slopes, among them the quartzite needles of Charbonnais. There are scores of routes to the summit of Mount Blanc, just as there is an "easy" way to the peak of Aiguille du Tour du Mont Blanc, but the wall face of the Dru is the shortest in the Alps. Until a couple of weeks ago it never had been climbed.

Walter Bonatti, a blue-eyed Alpine guide who last year was the youngest member—24—of the Italian expedition that conquered K-2 in the Western Himalayas—81, Aug. 14, 1953—went out to climb it alone. He made it, at the cost of skinned hands and nights of unendurable fear.

"On Dru," he said, "I knew fear as I have never known it before. There were many moments in which the whole of my thoughts which filled my brain ceased to move. The back, go down, go down! It was tearing the mountain's surface as much as of physical difficulties. But at night sleep mercifully came."

Sleep meant entering the nest at the six nights in a loop of rope to which he lashed himself to hang in a sleeping bag over black rock. One night he was lucky. He found a ledge he could sit on, legs dangling over a precipice.

"The first night," he went on, "I huddled at the foot of the descent, as the most direct route."

"Next morning at dawn, I threw up a loop to a projection and it caught hold. Without resting I was then able to hoist myself 150 meters up the wall's face. That night came. I repeated my earlier decision to leave my small transforming rifle behind so as to lighten my load. Silence and solitude suddenly loomed immense. They were broken only by the deep voice of the glacier beneath me and the whistling wind. Some stones every now and then dropped over the wall face down into the pit below. They frightened me, too. But then dawn came.

"But day also brought me trouble: a sort of chimney formed with ice into which I couldn't get the point of a nail. Therefore I could make no use of the rope. I embraced that chimney with all my strength and pressed outward over a precipice—and I pressed against it with all I had, including my nose, and gradually edged up. When I reached the top of the chimney I realized with terror that I would never be able to climb down it. Once I started sliding down I would inevitably slip

into the abyss. I was beyond the point of no return, and though the actual amount of the fall I had climbed was short, night was upon me. But then, after another night, I saw the sun.

"And so it was on the following days. On the last day, the whole of the skin on my hands had gone, left on the wall face or on the rope. I grew terribly thirsty. Below I had quenched my thirst with snow; but there was no more on the walls' smooth face now.

"Then, suddenly looking up, I saw the sun on Dra's peak. It was only 100 meters higher than me. I said to myself 'I have won!' and I loved Dra and I loved all mountains in that moment."

At the top he met friends who had traveled the "easy" way: "I hardly saw them. I threw myself on a water flask they had brought. Then I ate two chickens."

Remont will rest at his home in the Piedmont Alps until the skin heals on his hands. He says:

"They call me a conqueror of mountains. I am no conqueror . . . I must confess that the sentiment which mountains inspire in me might well be called fear. It is a sentiment of preoccupation, of uncertainty, or—let us be honest and use the right word—of fear of the unknown."

"I am not happy till I have conquered this fear. I manage to overcome it but it is still there."

THE GLORIOUS GROUSE

HALF the grouse moors of Scotland are peopled with Americans. A party of Chicago insurance men is at Blairfindy Lodge in Glenlivet, the most expensive and exclusive shoot in Scotland. The National Cash Register Company has its own grouse moor near Dunkeld. There are Americans at Invercauld, with its 380,000 acres; more Americans at Ewan Christon's moors in the west; at Beaufort Castle near Inverness. Crouching in the bums while a harness of beaters drives the birds forward, these rather self-conscious sportsmen are learning that grouse shooting is "the finest form of sport with the gun obtainable in the British Isles."

The self-consciousness comes from the chronic uneasiness of the paying guest, coupled with the likelihood of breaking some ancient tradition of the sport; remembering to fix one's eyes on a spot about 40 yards straight ahead and never to glance at another man's bird, which is very bad form; heaving the contemptuous silence of the gamekeeper; worrying about the liquor prob-

lem, since everything is included in the weekly bill except whisky, and getting a drink involves accounting for it in a ledger. But at rates that run from \$300 to \$700 a week, American visitors are coming in greater numbers each year.

The magnet is the red grouse, or moorfowl (*Lagopus scoticus*), a fast,



quick thinking, dipping, weaving, jinking fowl, entirely unlike the steady-flying grouse of the New World. On August 12, when the season opens—"the Glorious Twelfth"—grouse-ranks driven without trouble over the bums where the shooters are waiting. Later in the season, especially in high winds, they will fly back over the beaters' heads rather than face the guns.

The Twelfth began to assume an almost mystic significance in English social and sporting life in Victorian days. The royal family moved to Balmoral; the stately homes were evacuated for shooting boxes and Parliament rose. "It was unthinkable that Parliament should rise before there was something to shoot at," says an authority, "or remain seated a day after August 12, when the grouse were ready for the pellets."

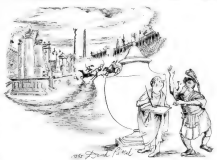
But the sport was always scandalously expensive. A typical six-gun shoot required 10 full-time, all-year stalkers and gamekeepers to trap eagles and hawks and exterminate vermin. The Scotch themselves could not afford

it. A century ago they began renting unsaturated and unsuitable land to the English gentry. The visiting English in turn paid the costs of beaters and loaders and all other expenses during the then three-month season. Bags were enormous. More than 2,000 grouse were brought down in one day on an eight-gun shoot. By 1910 each bird shot cost at least three shillings.

Now the economic problem works out like this: the moor owner gets perhaps £4,000 in rent, turns over £1,000 to the estate in taxes, and pays £2,000 of the remainder to his skeleton staff—half grower and one of year-round keepers and stalkers. The most renter pays roughly another £1,000 for the expense of maintaining a six-gun shoot for six weeks as follows: 24 beaters at £1 a day (usually university students on vacation); 6 loaders; 4 gamekeepers; 6 panner ponies; 6 riding ponies; one bus to transport the beaters; one estate car; two jacks; household help; food; supplies. So the total is apt to be around £7,000 or \$35,000 in American money.

Thanks to visiting Americans who pay from £100 to £250 a week for the privilege of joining the shoots, some of the old moor-owning gentry may nearly manage to balance their budgets this season. But it is doubtful whether *Lagopus scoticus* has ever been paid a more glowing economic compliment. His cost to the shooter—not counting the whisky to wash him down—may come as high as \$35 a dish, eaten at breakfast, lunch and supper. Boiled and basted in his own juice, of course. *Lagopus scoticus* is a glorious bird.

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"Remember, if it's clear, point the exact finish."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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BASEBALL IN A HURRY

ON THE THEORY that baseball is not the fastest game but need not be the slowest, the Louisville [Ky.] City Recreation Department organized four of its teen-age teams into an Experimental League, had them test 21 ideas designed to speed up ball games. After seven weeks of play they now offer these to Commissioner Ford Frick:

1) Every batter, even the pitcher, should be in the on-deck circle while the preceding batter is at the plate.

2) Once in the box, the batter ought to stay there. He should not step out to rub dirt on his hands, to look for signals from coaches or regain composure.

3) No more tossing the ball around the infield after an out.

4) The pitcher should take no more than 18 seconds or less than 10 (to guard the batter against sneak pitches) to deliver the ball.

5) On intentional walks, wave the batter to first. Forget about those four pitches.

The league tried and rejected some other ideas. Like allowing two strikes instead of three, three balls instead of four; permitting the manager only one visit to the mound before removing his pitcher.

Commissioner Frick has heard some rambling in his poll about the accumulating length of today's games. Now he has the voice of experience to listen to.

CHAMPION'S CAREER

NICHOLAS ROSOLIMO, the new American chess champion who finished ahead of Samuel Reshevsky in the Open at Long Beach, Calif., began his drive for the American title in 1952. He arrived in New York from Paris, bringing with him his French motorcycle, on which he planned to travel inexpensively from chess tournament to chess tournament, and also Mme. Rosolino, a plump, pretty Frenchwoman, fortunately gifted with humor.

"Right away," said Rosolino last week, "I was professional chess does not exist in the United States. I should start looking for a job." First, however, he had a match with Arthur Bisguier at the Manhattan Chess Club (winning two and drawing two) and entered the masters' tournament in Havana that year, where he lost to both Reshevsky and the subsequent U.S. champion, Larry Evans. A volatile Frenchman of Greek and Russian descent, Rosolino gave up college to

play chess, became champion of Paris, champion of France and, finally, insofar as there is such a title, champion of non-Communist Europe.

In the U.S., after trials that would have appalled Hesiodic Alger, Rosolino got a job as a bus boy at the Waldorf-Astoria. Mrs. Rosolino became a waitress at a bar and grill. The only use Rosolino could find for the motorcycle was to ride around dark Manhattan when the night's work at the hotel was over.

Now comes the hard part of the story. It is particularly difficult for people who do not know (or like) chess and will hardly be believed except by those who do. Rosolino is a romantic. He plays an intuitive, imaginative game, as opposed to the cold, almost mathematical modern game at which logician-like Reshevsky excels. In Europe, Rosolino was famous for his variations and his renovations of the old openings that modernists say have been discarded. His admirers consider him the greatest artist among living chess masters. Well, as Rosolino packed trays of dirty dishes downstairs at the Waldorf, he concluded that the time had come for him to change his style. He decided to work out a simple, direct game with none of the fireworks that had won him 20 prizes in Europe.

His game suffered. We will skip over the tournaments he lost and also his

chess club in Great Neck, Long Island. A prominent mail-box manufacturer, Nathan Hammer, backed him in the club, but there wasn't much interest in chess in Great Neck. Using the experience of his nocturnal motorcycle rides, Rosolino became a New York cab driver. By the time the Long Beach Open started, Rosolino had his new style under control. He had also gained 25 pounds.

In winning the American Open championship, Rosolino won a new Buick. He sold it at once. He keeps his back license No. 40789 on the mantel of his Greenwich Village apartment, beside one of his father's paintings. Rosolino's father was a pretty good artist, and his mother was an author and war correspondent. Her last book, written shortly before her death in 1952, was an account (in Russian) of the Russo-Japanese War. Rosolino himself last week was straightening out the record of his games. A European paper printed a garbled account of his showing against the members of the American chess team who played in Moscow. Rosolino himself was passed over in picking the squad. Adding them up, he found he had played 23 games with the members of the American team. He won 11, drew nine and lost three.

He is thinking of giving up taxi driving and going back to France.

SPECTACLE

90 FEET FROM HOME

... and 29 days from the end of the American League pennant race a New York Yankee peers toward the future and hopes

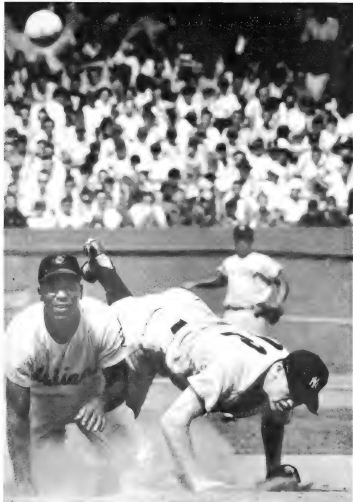
Hank Bauer of the New York Yankees epitomized the American League pennant race last week as he led expectantly off third base in Cleveland's Municipal Stadium. The three top contenders in the league—the Yankees, the Cleveland Indians and the Chicago White Sox—have been standing on third base for weeks now. All are hopefully cycling home plate—the pennant. Like Bauer, who fretted on third as Yogi Berra popped up and Mickey Vernon struck out, all the contenders have suffered frustrating setbacks.

Like Bauer, who eventually romped home on Bill Skowron's home run, one of the contenders will, three weeks from next Sunday night, trot home with the championship. But last week, as Bauer and his Yankee teammates fought one bitter battle after another in the hostile West, they found the race still tight as ever and home plate as far away.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK MATTHEWS







THE BATTLE ROYAL

Maybe the American League pennant race isn't as majestic as it should be—there have been too many ignominious defeats, for one thing. Nevertheless, it's been a tangled, furious, exciting pennant race, a regular free-for-all

by **ROBERT CREAMER**

THE American League race was like an old-fashioned battle royal. The Cleveland Indians, the New York Yankees and the Chicago White Sox stumbled around the ring that was the American League, flailing away at one another. First one, then another, then the third would rule supreme, only to tumble headlong again.

Nothing all season better exemplified this up-again, down-again gait than the erratic behavior of the Indians last weekend. When the league-leading Yankees walked into Cleveland's Municipal Stadium Friday night for the second game of their three-game series, the Indians were in miserable condition. They had lost to the Yankees the night before and had failed to third place, two full games off the pace, which is scarier behind as they had been in five weeks.

Early Wynn, who earlier in the season had tossed an 11-2 record, had lost seven of his past 19 games, including the one of the night before. Bob Lemon, who was to pitch the Friday night game, had not finished a game since May 30 and represented a much-entrenched gambler on the part of Cleveland Manager Al Lopez.

Outfielder Larry Doby, the Indians' big hitter, had a tight bandage holding in a pulled muscle in his thigh. Host Evers, one of the many veterans the Indians have grabbed during the season in hopes of squeezing one last drop of pennant-winning ability from them, was recuperating from the effects of a baseball in the eye. Gene Woodling, the leaen-backed ace Yankee, had been hit in the ribs by a wild fast ball the night before and could not play.

Worst of all, big Vic Wertz, the cheerful power hitter who plays either right field or first base and who had sat out the game the night before complaining of a fever, headache and general disability, had had his abdomen

diagnosed, shockingly, as polioepileptic. He'd be out for the season.

And so the Indians dragged themselves out to the chopping block, jeered by 33,632 of the extraordinarily short-memorial Cleveland fans, who are bitter because the Indians are not going to win 111 games this year. And so Lemon pitched a sparkling game, his famous sinker working to perfection, as the Yankees hit 16 balls on the ground so an Indian infield that looked better than an Indian infield has in years (the presence of the intense, first-fielding Ferris Fain at first base seemed to give the whole team a lift in the field). The Indians won 5-2.

The next day, Saturday, Indian hopes were high because their great young rookie pitcher, Herb Score, was to go against the Yanks. But the Yankees outbided Cleveland by hitting Score for five fast runs and seemed on

their way to a decisive victory that might turn out to be the start of a runaway to the pennant. At least the pessimists in the grandstands felt that way; the Indians were through.

But a confident little Puerto Rican named José Santiago tramped out to the pitcher's mound, stopped the Yankees cold and revived the Indians. It was not how well he pitched that was impressive (he weakened after a few innings and required relief); it was the attitude he seemed to present. He pitched with what appeared to be a complete lack of awe for Yankee reputations. He struck out Mickey Mantle twice. And he revived the Indian batting attack by getting Cleveland's first hit and scoring Cleveland's first run. He lay down a deft sacrifice bunt and then almost beat the throw to first. The run his sacrifice set up eventually scored. The Indians kept fighting. The attitude in the stands changed from one of submission to one of, "Well, at least we're going down fighting." In the seventh Ralph Kiner made a great bid to tie the game but his long drive to deepest center fell short and was caught. In the eighth Bobby Avila did what Kiner tried to do and tied the game with a three-run home run. Immediately, other Indians clambered on the bases after Bobby had cleared them and pushed across what proved to be the winning run.

It was a great victory, bringing hope, a tie for first and victory in the season's 22-game series with the Yankees (the first time Casey Stengel has lost a season's series in his reign as Yankee manager).

But the next day, as the White Sox and Yankees eat each other's throats in Chicago, the Indians lay down and died twice to the seventh-place Senators, a thoroughly depressing defeat. Maybe the pessimists in the Cleveland grandstands were right.



RELIQUENTS Lopez, Stengel stand momentarily at peace for national anthem.

THE CUP GETS A RIDE

'LEW HOAD'S BIG SERVE CARRIED THE LOAD'

by ALFRED WHIGHT

THINK WAS a moment on the second day of the Davis Cup matches at Forest Hills last weekend that won't soon be forgotten by this generation of fans and players. For the 14,000-embalmed spectators in the sweltering stadium it was the supreme, crowning moment of suspense; for the experts it represented an audacious cooking of the meat at all tennis precepts as well as the law of averages.

Lew Hoad was serving, and to understand the situation fully you have to picture this week-ended, 30-year-old Australian, Husky though he is, he lacks the height of most great players, standing more than an inch under six feet. Yet he hits the ball as hard as any top player ever has, and this is especially true of his flat first serve which he delivers like something out of a bazooka. He is temperamental and headstrong, but in the crisis of a match he plays, as one old Davis Cupper put it, "real loose."

Came now the moment. Hoad and Rex Hartwig were in a suspenseful with the U.S. doubles team of Tony Trabert and Victor Seixas. The game score was 5-all in the fifth set, and the Americans, who had lost the first two singles matches on the previous day, were fighting to keep the series alive for another day. The Aussies had only to win this set for the third point they needed to wrap up the Cup and take it back home. But Hoad was in trouble as he faced Trabert in the left-hand court with the advantage point to the Americans. If he lost the point the U.S. would be leading 4-3 on their own serve (Seixas') and all odds would favor them to run out the match. Every known theory of tennis doubles called for Hoad to serve deep, safe and only moderately fast with a lot of spin to Trabert's backhand, then follow the serve to the net so the Aussie could have control.

Instead Hoad gambled, hitting a flat all-out first serve that crossed the net like a white blur. It was good, so good that Trabert could just barely get his racket on it for an error. Twice

more, however, the Australians lost advantage point to the U.S., and twice more Hoad took the lead, the incredible, the uncatchable, and twice more it paid off as Trabert futilely tried to return it. Finally the Aussie had the advantage point, and after a short exchange Hoad played a perfect drop volley for the game. The crisis past, they stormed Seixas' serve and won it for the set, the match and the Cup.

THE UNWRINDING SCRIPT

It was theatrically fitting that this most dramatic moment in the whole Cup engagement should have started Lew Hoad's tremendous, blasting service. That was the feature of these matches that will remain longest in mind, and this in no way undervalues the stylish precision of Ken Rosewall's singles play or the swift, often brilliant partnership of the smiling Rex Hartwig, who was a steady influence on Hoad throughout the long nip-and-tuck doubles. But it was Hoad who caught the fancy of the crowd (to say nothing of the attention of the professional tennis recruiters), beginning with his first singles victory over Trabert on Friday afternoon to put the Australians in their commanding 3-0 lead.

When Hoad and Trabert took the court it was generally conceded that Tony was the finest amateur tennis player in the world. Nothing except a strained shoulder muscle had given him the slightest trouble on the courts for at least a year. Seixas having already lost the first singles match to Rosewall as expected, Tony was now called on for the first of his two singles victories. Combining them with a win in the doubles would keep the Cup at home. That was figuring without Hoad.

The advance script was accurate for only a set as the contest of the "big" game—the tremendous service—followed to the net for the putaway volley or smash—began to unfold. Yet there were a few comments for those who wanted to notice them. During the warm-up Hoad had let fly with three dazzling flat serves, the kind that nobody ever

returns. Then, starting the match on his own serve, he sent Tony with the first ball he hit. In the stands a voice said: "Long as he doesn't finish that way it's all right."

The game followed service as they should in a battle of "big" shot make-outs until Hoad's serve at 3-all. Trabert opened that game with a great cross-court forehand, passing Hoad at the net. Two Hoad errors brought the score to love-40, from which he worked to 40-10 before double faulting. That was the first service break, and it was all Tony needed to run out the set at 6-1.

As the second set began, Hoad's game suddenly seemed to let out a notch, almost as if Captain Harry Hopman, sitting at one of the small tables on the sidelines where the players stopped for rest and advice before changing courts, had advanced some psychological throttle. Now Lew's blinding first serve was just a bit more consistent, his volleys and ground strokes just a bit crisper. It was enough to switch the offensive initiative to Hoad, and even here on the raised volleys, the nets and the nets that had previously been winners came off Trabert's racket. The command of a match between two such splendid hitters as Hoad and Trabert hinges on a delicate edge in timing and disposition. Now Hoad had it, and with it his touch and confidence grew, while Tony's receded. The question in all minds was simply how long he could hold this edge. The answer seemed to lie in his big serve; as long as it was hitting the corners he would be safe. In the broadcasting booth behind and above the court, Jack Kramer, whose own big game once dominated the amateurs, told his audience he couldn't believe that such a serve as Hoad was displaying could last through such a match. Yet it grew surer as the game rolled by. The second set went to Lew at 6-3 and the third by the same score.

When the two players came out from their 15-minute rest and shower, a few sharp eyes saw something they didn't like: a piece of adhesive tape across

A task force of Australians took a 5,000-mile, three-month trip to Forest Hills to retrieve the Davis Cup. The mission was accomplished last week before 9,000,000 eye-witnesses while 3,000,000 of their countrymen listened on the radio. Here SE's Alfred Wright, Australian Captain Harry Hopman and U.S. Captain William F. Talbot describe how it looked to them

the fleshy base of Tony Trabert's right thumb. Nothing was about it then or later by Trabert or his teammates, but the tape covered a deep, raw blister about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch across. There was nothing in Tony's subsequent play, however, to indicate it bothered him. In fact the two players seemed lifted and sharpened by the glowing importance of each shot. The careless errors were rare as Hoad was his service at 15; Trabert his at 15; Hoad his at love; Trabert his at 10 after two fantastic passing shots by Hoad; Hoad his at 38 as Tony kept moving in to catch the ball on the rise; then Tony took his own serve at 15; Hoad his at 15; Tony his at 14; Hoad his at 14; Tony his at 15; Hoad his at love to lead 6-5; Tony his at 15 for 6-6; Hoad his at love with four unreturnable first serves to go 7-6. Here Tony faltered, and missing four volleys he was out of it, 8-6.

HISTORY BY SHORT WAVE

The next day's doubles match shut the door on the last slim hopes of the U.S. The two singles matches of the third day, although possibly as fine as any tennis of the series, served simply as a lagniappe to the magnificent Australian victory, giving them a clean sweep of five matches to none for the record books. It should be recorded, however, that Hamilton Richardson, the tall, slim Louisianan who has served on five Davis Cup teams without playing a match, was finally sent in for Tony Trabert, whose blistered racket hand was given a welcome rest by Captain Bill Talbot. Richardson showed some tennis of brilliance while losing in four sets to the calm perfection of Ken Rosewall's strokes.

Here then was three days of superb tennis deserving to be seen, as it was, by the largest audience tennis has ever known—some 9,000,000 on the coast-to-coast television hookup in addition to the 36,000 who cheered their way through three days on the stands at Forest Hills. And there were another 3,000,000 off in Australia—nearly one-third of the population—who got up at five in the morning to listen to the direct short-wave broadcast. Down under it was an event of history. **END**

'HE WAS MADLY IN LOVE'

by HARRY HOPMAN

EVER SINCE Bill Talbot and his team won the Davis Cup from Australia last December, Australians have regarded the winning back of the famous trophy a task of almost national postage.

The team assembled in Melbourne under my control two weeks before departure from Sydney at the end of May. Much of those two weeks were spent in physical preparation, including running and gymnasium work, but there was some tennis, too, and I roped in Frank Sedgman to play in various combinations against our Lew Hoad-Billie Hartwig doubles combination.

The majority of tennis writers in Australia seemed to want Ken Rosewall in the doubles, but too often I had seen Seixas and Trabert take charge of Rosewall's service. They had learned to anticipate it and to take it—a service without guile, spin or kick—on the rise and move in fast to a commanding position at the net. Additionally I knew that Rosewall, in a Davis Cup match, would play better singles on the third day if rested from the doubles.

There were sound reasons for confidence in our mission as we left Australia. Sure, we lost the first three matches as the Cup changed hands last December, but one of those losses was Rosewall's to Vic Seixas, a result we felt sure could be reversed; another was a very close Trabert win over Hoad, and we knew we had a doubles combination at least the equal of Seixas-Trabert.

Another reason for confidence was that Hoad, whose girl friend Jennifer Staley had departed for Europe six weeks earlier with an official Australian women's team, was gradually regaining the form which had made him the outstanding player in Australia in the summers of 1953-54. Some of Hoad's tennis troubles before the 1954 Cup defense were widely attributed to my "hand discipline."

Actually, he was madly in love for the first time and his previous normal life of almost complete devotion to his



CAPTAIN HOPMAN ON CENTER COURT

love of the game of tennis was lately disrupted. "Get off my back!" he cried when he came off court after playing like a bush leaguer in the Victoria Championships and ending his match by whacking a ball out of the Koo-yeung-Melbourne center court stadium. Lew came under team discipline last year only 10 days before the Challenge Round when our team gathered in Sydney for a final preparation.

My anxiety when we left Australia this time was that Hoad might be distracted from a 100% Wimbledon effort—and that such distraction might upset our over-all Davis Cup plans—when our team met up with the Australian women's team in London. I wanted greater concentration during Wimbledon than two young people in love wanted to give.

In London I suggested Lew bring Jennifer back to our hotel for supper and a talk. I was about to say my piece when Lew suddenly "took the ball off my racket."

"Hop, we're going to be married at 11 a.m. tomorrow," said Lew.

He was 46 minutes out in his reckoning, but that was not his fault and that delay was not bad for such a hastily arranged ceremony—and his form in the London championship. Buts was not too bad either, considering the circumstances. Rosewall won the singles but Hoad shared the doubles trophy with Hartwig to celebrate his wedding day.

When Trabert won the Wimbledon *continued on next page*

DAVIS CUP

(continued from page 28)

Championship without the loss of a set, our prospects of winning back the Cup were necessarily low. In the English entries, even Hoad and Hartywig won the doubles from Rosewall-Fraser after those two had beaten Seixas-Trabert.

It was merely not as learned in Chicago where we defeated Mexico in our first round of the Davis Cup, but worse in Louisville, when, as we eliminated Brazil, our Cup hopes suffered a setback when Hoad received a nasty blow from a Falkenberg "varnishball" delivery that laid him low. A touch of the sun on the final day of that match just about cooked him. Hoad was not ready to play against the Canadians and, a week later, still not worth the risk of pitting against the Japanese in the first Interzone Final. There was a sudden lift in his game and spirit, however, during our training and practice at Nassau Country Club where we played the Japanese, and the following week I felt Lew was ready to go. He beat Italy's Fausto Gardini and Nicola Pietrangeli and won the doubles with Hartywig at the Germantown Cricket Club as Australia clinched the right to challenge the United States.

Meanwhile Rosewall had been turning in a pleasing display in his matches. He was fit and, more important when thoughts turned to Davis Cup, he had improved his net attack.

When the first day of play as challenger Forest Hills came along our team was confident: Hoad's pre-match practice form was his best for over a year and his mental attitude was fine. His

type of game—big service and strong net attack plus decisive passing shots—was made to order to beat the Seixas game with the weak backhand and erratic forehand. We counted on both the Seixas singles as matches well in our favor, and the two Trabert singles and the doubles as about even overall.

But it was not quite as easy as that. I must record that, despite my confidence in Rosewall's all-round stability and the strength of his passing shots, especially from his backhand, there were moments during his match against Seixas when I thought Vic's great fighting qualities might do more than just scare us for a game or two.

I ENJOYED THE DOUBLES.

Hoad had his troubles, too, facing Trabert. It took him quite a long while to settle down due mainly to a comparative lack of recent match play. After a lot of talk in American papers about Trabert's confidence to win both his singles, his form was disappointing and Hoad wanted to spend more time thinking of this poor form than of how to capitalize on it.

I had to work hard on Lew to get greater concentration during the first two sets of their match; it was quite a problem. But once he got into his stride I was very confident he would win, and he continued to grow stronger in physical and stroking confidence as the match progressed.

Rosewall's main problem playing Seixas was entirely different. Most observers were surprised at the number of points Rosewall won at the net. His reputation of a handliner with the best backhand in tennis today. Against Seixas he spent as much time in the

forecourt as backcourt. But he has such a confirmed baseline in his own mind that I had to constantly remind him not to miss an opportunity to "go in." "Muscles," as we mostly call Rosewall, did a very thorough, workmanlike job.

During the doubles I must admit that I did not concentrate on my task as captain as well as during the singles. I found myself enjoying the doubles with its backcourt, terrific pace and the constant off-fighting part of these two wonderful pairs each trying to prove who was the No. 1 doubles combination in the world.

One of my most important functions at the side of the court is to keep the players as relaxed as possible. If the going gets too tough for a temperament, if a decision a player thinks was wrong upsets him or the gallery worries him, it is my job to try to bring him down to normal during that brief respite as playmen change ended court. I am there to advise on tactics, too, and to assist in many other ways, but often I feel that the best thing I can do is to help one of my team maintain his balance under the great pressure that comes to a center court as often during a big match.

Occasionally during the doubles I found myself enjoying the play too much. It meant that I might be excited at a time when I should be trying to calm down either Hoad or Hartywig or both. It was a grand encounter, and I knew that our team to a man believes that one of the most important strokes of the Challenge Round was the last stroke Hartywig made to finish the doubles. A win for the U.S. there and a resurgent Trabert and Seixas could have brought untold trouble to us. **END**

WANTED: AT LEAST THREE YOUNG MEN

America's eight months of tennis glory are ended. The Davis Cup, proud symbol of international sport supremacy, is being coated and prepared for a return trip to Australia, half a world away.

With the same lightning tactics employed by our own forces in Sydney last December, Australia's bold young team has pulled a racket blithering, clinching the Challenge Round on the first two days and going on to a 5-0 victory.

These developments, surprising in their decisiveness if not in the final result, left tennis followers pondering two questions:

1. With virtually the same lineup

on both sides, how could such a complete reversal be effected in so short a space of time?

2. Now that America again has lost the Cup, what are her chances of recovering it? When and how?

As the heavily disappointed captain of the vanquished troops and one who as a result is fairly close to the picture, I shall attempt to answer these questions as best I can.

First of all, I must say that as captain I know of nothing which could have been done—nothing left undone—which might have saved the Cup. I have to excuse.

There were factors, of course, which I would have preferred to be otherwise.

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

But under the conditions the team was brought to the best physical and mental shape possible for the big test. This was not enough.

Our team was the same which struck down the Aussies in three straight matches at White City last season—Tony Trabert, 35, who should have been better as the result of a brilliant winning season which included an impressive sweep at Wimbledon, and Vic Seixas, 33, the in-and-out but ever

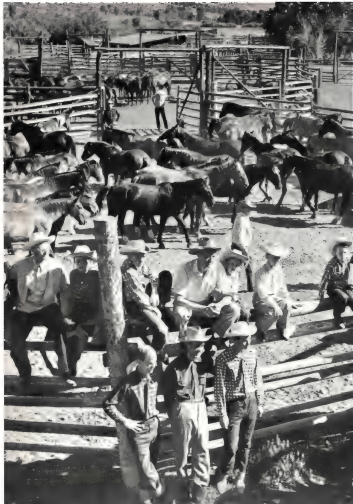
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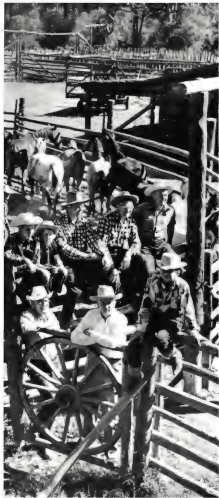
SUPREME MOMENT—Bob Hart slams his racket and bounces happily toward partner Lew Hoad after his placement of prize points Tony Trabert and a defeated Vic Seixas.



CUP POINT AT FOREST HILLS

FINAL SCORE: AUSTRALS-5, U.S.-0





THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

SUMMER DUDES

"Roughing it" at the huge 4,000-acre Valley Ranch in Wyoming's Yellowstone country, a group of prominent Easterners take time out from riding, hunting and pack trips to pose with their sons at the corral

CAST OF CHARACTERS

1 Alfred Morris, 2 John A. Morris of New York (owner, Thoroughbred Racing Association), 3 John A. Morris Jr., 4 Thomas Corbman, 5 James K. Robinson Jr. of West Chester, Pa. (vice president, American Stores Co.), 6 James K. Robinson III, 7 David Robinson, 8 G. Keith Fanning Jr., 9 Harvey Mold III, 10 Mathew Mold, 11 Harvey Mold of New York (U.S. Steel), 12 Bishop Anson Phelps Stokes Jr. of Boston (former mayor, St. Bartholomew's, New York City), 13 Howard Carter of Plainfield, N.J. (partner, Gifford, Woody, Carter & Hays law firm), 14 Fergus Corbman, 15 Homer Corbman of Plainfield (vice president, J. P. Morgan & Co.), 16 James Corbman, 17 G. Keith Fanning of Greenwich, Conn. (president, New York Stock Exchange), 18 Henry Jory of Jackson, Mich. (Jory Furniture Co.), 19 William Jory,



PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY FRIEDER



WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

SUMMER POLOISTS

The Maharaja of Jaipur led a pickup team of Indians, Pakistanis and Brits, called The Diplomats, to defeat (14-5) at Olney, Md., against a Washington Polo Club team manned by Don Bradley, Bill Brall, Dr. John Keeler, Colonel Porter King and Walter Cunningham. The royal leader scored a goal, proved an adept player

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT PHILLIPS



FISHERMEN ON THE BANK OF THE RIVER TWEED, PRODUCE SOME OF THE WORLD'S BEST TWEED

TWEEDS

Since the 18th century, the Scots have been weaving the richly textured cloth that has become the favorite fabric on America's sporting scene

AS SCOTSMEN take to shooting tweeds as seriously as he does his tartans, they are at the same time a means of camouflage and a badge of identity, protection against the cold of the moors and the damp of the rain. Recently a wealthy lord commissioned the owner of a venerable tweed mill to design a shooting tweed for his estate—a district check incorporating all of the colors of his grounds that would cause himself and his gamekeepers to blend with the scenery while on the stalk. Being a true Scot, however, the lord dressed each of his men in their new tweed jackets and plus fours, then sent them 100 yards up the moor. If he could see them, he said, he wouldn't pay. Being a true Scot, the maker of the cloth had tipped the men forward, each of them hid behind a rock. The lord happily paid for his cloth.

With less guile and equal armen, the Scots mill-owners in Hawick and other borderland villages such as Galashiels and Peebles; the craftsmen in cottages on the islands of the Outer Hebrides—North Uist, Lewis and Harris—and on the windblown Shetlands of the Shetland and Orkney island groups have for centuries produced tweeds of such quality and character that they have set the standard for all the world. Scottish tweeds are also as individual as the people who make them. Those made on the Shetland Islands are very soft, for the Shetland sheep is a scrappy animal which produces short and silky wool fiber. Like their Norse ancestors, the Shetlanders prefer the natural colors of

wool to dyed ones. Most of their homespun, hand-woven under primitive conditions in their cottages, are patterned with the various shades of gray and brown of their sheep. Shetland tweeds are extremely popular for American suits and sport jackets.

Harris tweed is produced by cottagers in the cold Outer Hebrides and is a much more ragged fabric, a mixture of wool of the Cheviot and Blackface sheep who thrive on those rocky islands. Colors are usually composed from vegetation that grows around the cottages: rusty brown from hebrons, green from heather. Made into topcoats and suits, sturdy Harris tweed has long been popular in the United States. Now that Harris tweeds are being woven in lighter weights, they have more uses and America buys half of the yearly output of five million yards.

The thriving mills of the Scottish borderlands create great variety in tweeds—both traditional patterns and the more colorful designs sought by the women's fashion markets. Here also are woven those "district checks" for shooting tweeds that a Scotsman values sent to his kilts.

LND

SCOTTISH TWEEDS, tailored in America: left, a finger-length double-breasted coat of Cheviot, Rogers-Peel, \$85; center, a classic Davidson suit of heathery blue John Barr tweed, \$125; right, a country jacket of Shetland tweed with fur made buttons and trim, by Curriek and Felling, \$45; Shetland suit—Martinsbury-Heron, \$55.

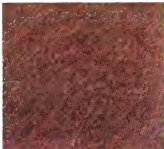




TWEED was the first of the Shetland compound checked patterns. Its 18th Century Scotch spelling, "tweed," was misread as "Tweed" on invoices in London, gave the cloth its name.



BROKEN-TOOTH is a classic pattern of broken circles, found most often in sport jackets of Shetland or Harris tweeds. This cloth was spun and woven by hand in the Shetland Islands.



HARRIS is the most rugged of tweeds and must be hand-woven by outgroups of its three districts to earn the name. This rust fabric was dyed with "croftie," an island lichen.

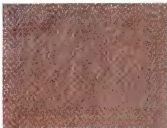


PIERMANT'S-EYE or diamond pattern is one of most popular novelty tweed designs. This combination of black and brown was woven for the American market, will be made into jackets.

INDISTINCT CHECK (such as this one) incorporates the special fall coloring of a bird's estate and are designed to camouflage the estate and its surroundings during hunting season.



HERBERTHORN, a variation on the twill, is another classic weave often, as here, made of two different colors of wool. Two of the four most common colors of Shetland sheep are used here.



THE TWEEDS YOU NEED

These are the minimum requirements for the wardrobe of the well-dressed man or woman



SKIT & TOPPER are the best choice for a spectator sportsman. Combination tweed coat and skirt can double as rain-and-skit costume with trousers or shorts (Glenham).



TWEED COSTUME which combines tweed coat with skirt, is good for country evening wear or for traveling, since it will serve either informal or formal occasions equally well (Vera Maxwell).

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARY HESTER



TOPCOAT with raglan sleeves, handily convertible to waterproofing poplin, is perfect coat for bad weather, well-tailored enough for town wear.



SPORT JACKET, order of Shetland or of Harris, is a must. Vertical stripe pattern is popular this year.



SUIT of gray Shetland has classic three-button, natural-shoulder cut. Jacket doubles for a sport jacket.

BROTHERS UNDER THE SEA

The best spearfishermen in the U.S. are three brothers named Pinder and their cousin Charley. They're so good that people compare them with creatures of the sea

by COLE PHINIZY

At the southern tip of Florida three years ago, in the middle of an after-noon in Homestead Bay, fishing opportunities opened themselves. Though it was within a mile of the nearest land, where much of the water is only shallow, Pinder brothers swam toward Miami 10 miles away, leading a diamond procession. Donald Pinder, a cousin friend, Ronald Fried, who was having a bounding time of it at the moment, since it was his turn to manage the rest of the procession on a rope. Twelve feet behind Fred a 200-pound jewfish swung through the waves splashing up a storm. Six feet behind the jewfish a 20-pound loggerhead turtle tied by one flipper rolled in the water and at the end of the rope a 15-pound snapper was tugging and almost like the tail of a kite.

This odd sight of men and sea at the end of a very successful but otherwise fairly average day of spearfishing for Don Pinder. The boat he expected had not yet arrived and, seeing that nothing lay between him and Miami except water, he was swimming home. If he had completed his water trek to reach Grand Bahama, Fried and brother, if would surely have been on a comfortable ride in his outboard. Don Pinder has spent his life on the water and a large part of his outstanding fish catch has been with Art and Fred Pinder and a first cousin, Charley Andrew. Separately or together, the men have the rare distinction of having never lost a spearfishing championship in Florida and last year against teams from Cape Cod, the Midwest, the Navy and the East, the three Pinder brothers won the national championship. As California champion Frank Bops put it, "The Pinders can fish deeper, stay down and work longer than anyone I've seen." They are generally considered by divers

who have competed against them and fished with them to be in a class with themselves.

When spearfishing, there is nothing significant about the Pinders. They were out again to hit the "Carnival Brown" line. Twenty-eight-year-old Fred Pinder, a quiet blond with the chubby face of a Dutch bargher, is 6 feet 2 and 210 pounds. Twenty-seven-year-old Don Pinder and 26-year-old Art are 5 feet and about 185 pounds. Cousin Charley is just a little fellow about 185 pounds who can still get a large-size sport shirt over his head without needing a little fish net.

And these can go hunting under water in wet suits, with the Pinders in one respect. For all their hunting this, usually, the most basic equipment: medium-size flippers, close-fitting face masks, and a simple sling and spear—total cost about \$15. "A snorkel or an under-lung," states Art Pinder, "are very good for photography or exploring or seeing the world; but no one can last without that lightweight and a good fish line."

When spearfishing on their own and while serving as guides for other spearfishermen and marine biologists and scientists, the Pinders have hunted a vast range of fish and deep and sand waters down the coast of the Florida Keys and in northern Bahamas and sometimes southward to the Canal at the other end of the Bahamas. Their technique is in the tradition of the best hunters. While other spearfishermen are wont to leap into the water with a splash as if the hunt was a last minute assault, the Pinders slip in easily, scanning the top

water for any landmarks worth taking.

On a recent trip, Art and Fred swam over the side of their boat. Just below the surface they looked off, and after a glance at a cero mackerel paring the open water started along toward side of the boat. After two minutes they slowly surfaced, lying there for a minute taking air and watching a 15-pound Nassau grouper hovering in the sand pangs, then moved closer again. Eight feet ahead of them a large black grouper came out from a ledge and then on top. Art rose for a breath and dived. Holding his spear close with his head and his two arms straight out, along the rope, in 30 seconds he was on bottom, examining the fish and then after two minutes he gradually closed the distance. When he was 20 feet from it, as if all action were jammed in a second, the Pinder and brother were suddenly moving double speed. A faint stream of light shone between them, and two minutes later. The spear was sticking in the grouper. Art was swimming up to the surface and Fred remained on the bottom. As the grouper bobbed the sand with its tail, Fred kept descending again. The fish bobbed under a ridge, and for two minutes heaved his feet to the sand face and tugged at a spear. Every two minutes, passing each other a second time, one brother went upward, the other down and a half hour later they brought in the 50-pound grouper.

There are a number of reasons why spearfishing is a slow process; you might not have taken a black grouper from the reef. For one thing, many of the

continued on page 10

Reef crawling, Art (in red plaid trunks) and Fred Pinder stalk over prong-pointed staghorn coral off Gause Cay in the northern Bahamas. Brothers, at 10-foot depth, carry simple sling spears with effective range of up to 30 feet





Across grassy flats Fred Pinder plays chase with a 40-pound turtle. The Pinders can almost match the turtle's speed underwater, but cannot stay down as long without a breath. To catch the big ones, which make excellent soup and steaks, the Pinders have developed the trick of waiting until the turtle starts up for air, then diving onto its back.



Off Tibbo Cay where the easternmost edge of the Bahamas sinks into the reaches of the Atlantic, a shoal of 10-pound Bermuda chub slips over a reef top in front of Fred. The chub is a sly fish compared to most found in reef water, and to get within range of such sly ones the Pinders scout as much of each new area as possible underwater, avoiding jerky movements and splashing on the surface.



With bent spear sticking from its back, a 300-pound leopard ray sweeps across a 15-foot shadow ahead of Art and Fred Pinder.



The chase lasted 20 minutes. The Finery rarely spear such inedible game except for marine collectors, and they insist that anyone fishing with them obey their rule of finishing off each wounded fish before going after another.

In green shall water scarcely over his head, Fred Pinder snatches a rock lobster from a crevice in the coral. Fred uses a small gaff as protection against lobster's spines and also as a safeguard in case the lobster is sharing its niche with a moray eel, whose jaws are strong enough to bite off fingers or ruin a whole hand



From the same crevice where brother Fred got his lobster (above), Art comes up with a five-foot moray eel (right). When dislodged from its hole, a speared moray becomes a twisting, snapping fury. Even though he has speared the eel solidly through the neck, Art applies pressure with a second spear shaft to keep the eel's jaws away from his hands





In a Bahamian inlet Art Pinder swings a six-pound snapper into the boat. For all their hunting, regardless of the size of the fish, the Pinders rely on slender, pliable spears. Propelling these spears in simple but powerful rubber slings such as the one that can be seen hanging around Art's neck, the brothers have taken grouper and tiger shark weighing over 300 pounds.

BLACK CURL

BY

MAYFIELD

4★
CLOTHES

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BLACK CURL

PINDER BROTHERS

continued from page 20

scouting on the surface, giving the fish some warning with their splashes and giving themselves a poor view of anything in the shadows of a reef. For another, many not knowing the behavior of different species might never have made their shot before the grouper was gone. The black grouper is generally much faster than others of the genus, but Art knew its habits well enough to get close to it without frightening the fish away. Though he hit the grouper an inch higher than he aimed, it was a fair enough shot considering that at 30 feet the weapons most hunters use will not always penetrate a fleeing fish of such size. The Pinder sling, however, a double strand of surgical rubber, starts a pulled 80 pounds; and with this power has taken fish 30 feet away. Still, it is hard to use, and as a few divers attest, who have wrestled with the Pinder sling underwater with the hand bent awkwardly in line with the arm, it takes some doing.

Though now, after 26 years at it, the Pinders may dive 50 feet to spear a fish and swim over half a mile on the surface and under water in pursuit, they remain believers in the basic buddy system. As Art Pinder puts it, "Where I go or how deep is a hole depends on what I'm after and who's with me." In his interlocking careers of life guard, Coast Guardsman and spearfisherman, Art Pinder has delivered several dozen gagging tourists

from the surf, rescued over a dozen more weak swimmers from stormy seas; and, when boat motors failed, has swum over six miles through open water from the edge of the Gulf Stream. Since there are not too many water buddies around capable of rendering equal service to a Pinder in trouble, the brothers have done most of their hardest hunting with each other and cousin Charley. Between them the four have taken 10 of the 41 record fish currently listed by the Florida Skin Divers Association, including a few that will be hard for anyone anywhere to beat. Working alone for over three hours in compliance with the rules, Don appeared and brought to boat an 804-pound jurefish. Art has speared tiger shark up to 337 pounds and is the only diver ever to get a saffish.

TROUBLE IN A CORAL CORRAL

Considering all the hunting they have done, the Pinders have not been bothered too much by sharks and other killfishes. Most of their trouble comes when they are after speared fish holed up in coral. A shark tried to get in a hole with Art one day. "I got out," Art recalls. "It's a wonder I didn't beat him to death with my flippers going for the boat, but he kept on coming—a 10-foot mackerel shark—and with a little help from him I shot halfway out of the water."

The Pinders were rapping large sharks on the head with spear butts before they were old enough for the Boy Scouts. When the underwater

sport was starting in the late '20s—almost simultaneously it seems, in the Mediterranean, California, Florida and Australia—the Pinder kids of Miami were diving flipperless over 30 feet, hunting with face masks and slings made of inner tube and spears made of brake rods. They were first led to the water by their father, Captain Earl Pinder of the Miami Beach Patrol, quite a water-lover himself since the first time he went to sea at the age of nine, sailing six miles down Biscayne Bay in the top of a trunk. The young Pinders withheld their occasional brushes with sharks from mother. "I wouldn't have wanted them fooling around sharks," Mrs. Earl Pinder says now. "But I can tell you, I'd rather those boys be in the water than hanging around some drugstore in Miami. The boys have just always liked hunting. When they were little fellows I found this gummy sack moving by itself across our backyard. I cut it open, and you should have heard little Don cry because I turned loose all his water moccasins. Then," Mrs. Pinder remembers, "there was the time we told the boys alligators would eat them if they swam in the Miami River. Don catches an alligator and says he's going to eat it. It must have been a feet long—I told the boys they'd have to cook it themselves. They tried it on the stove, and you could smell that alligator everywhere."

Today the Pinder brothers take a deal of pride in the hunting rules they have set up for themselves—rules, incidentally, the Pinders insist anyone fishing with them must follow. Rule one: edible fish should be taken with a fair idea that someone wants to eat it, and not in the vague hope that it can be passed to a neighbor. Rule two: the rare and beautiful fish of relatively little food value should be left alone. Rule three: once a fish is speared, the hunter must not spear another, until he has retrieved his catch or exhausted all chance of doing so. The Pinders have worked for hours in coral retrieving a fish that had holed up and died.

"Anybody who spends some time in the water," reflects Captain Pinder, "tends to be pretty sensible about it. I really never taught the boys much. They took to it naturally, and when his time came, Fred went in the Navy. Don went in the Merchant Marine. I didn't know how much Art liked the water. He joined the Coast Guard and asked for lighthouse duty." There was water all around the lighthouses, and the water was full of barracuda, so Art was pretty much at home. (EHR)



"He was sold to us as a deckhand."



BUNKHOUSE KING OF THE POLO FIELD

A Texan who wears fancy filigree boots is the world's greatest polo player and this week Cecil Smith—rated a 10-goal player for 15 years—rides again at the head of the Oak Brook team in the national open polo championships

by ROBERT SHAPLEN

THE MAN in the high-headed, filigree boots, with a cowboy's wind-stitched face and the considered Texan speech, had no van for his ponies. But the old Negro and the Mexican boy guided them solemnly among the cars and then, one by one, the Texan took the ponies and led them into the shade, where the flies and the mosquitoes were less bothersome, and tethered them tenderly in the clump of elms. Alone and apart, this might have been a grave yard in its own little County.

His name was Cecil Calvert Smith and, at first glance, up here among the sparkling-helmeted and bright-dressed citizens of the Oak Brook Club, 25 miles west of Chicago in the Illinois flatland, one would scarcely guess that he was the world's greatest polo player. It was only when he galloped onto the field and took his first few warm-up strokes and sent the white willow ball soaring wickedly toward the goal posts that the difference in boots and bearing was suddenly dispensed and all that mattered was that everyone else on the field seemed to be chasing not only the electric, cascading ball but him and his pony, too.

When one considered the further fact that the Texan bending low over his pony's shanks and swinging his mallet with the smooth precision of the lance he learned how to swing first, a long time ago, was now 51 years old, older than anyone out there on the field with him, something else made the moment and the scene memorable: something that brought to mind other famous battles against time—George Herman Ruth hitting three ultimate home runs in Pittsburgh a few days before he quit, Thorpe or Nagurski recently bucking a line or even Ernad Charles losing bloodily and gallantly to Rocky Marciano.

When the shudder ended, the Texan walked his pony off the field, seeming to saunter in the middle as the pony snarled beneath him. A mare neighed in the elms and he brought her out to replace the gelding he had been riding. Someone asked how it felt to play 10 practice periods on such a hot midwestern afternoon. He pondered that a moment as he skirted the saddle. "Sure, no," he said. "I get a chance to work my eight horses." When he reappraised the question and smiled, "Sometimes when the weather's warm and thick this way, I can tell I'm getting older," he said. "I get wanted sooner than my pony does."

The old Negro, Leon ("Pappy") Jones, threw a linen blanket across the back of the steaming poloing. He was laughing softly as he looked up. "I don' notice it none," he said, shaking his head. "I been with him 30 years and when he gets in dem games, I don' notice it none at all."

This weekend at Oak Brook, in Hinsdale Ill., the national open championship, polo's World Series, gets under way. Seven teams—the most since the war—will be entered in the 12-game elimination contest, with the finals scheduled for September 11. Fully recovered from a knee injury he suffered during a collision in a practice game at Milwaukee Aug. 18, which forced the withdrawal of the Oak Brook team from the annual national 20-goal championship matches, Smith will once again be riding at the head of the Oak Brook four.

One of seventeen 10-goal players in American polo history, Smith is the only man who has ever held the distinction at his age. For the benefit of the uninitiated, a 10-goal rating does not represent the number of goals a player is expected to make during a regular contest. It is simply the highest rating (the rating the U.S. Polo Association, which determines the handicaps of some 750 registered players in the country, can assign. A high-goal player is generally considered to be anyone with a five-goal rating or better, and high-goal polo will be played when two teams come together with respective total handicaps of 20 goals or more—an average of five per man on each team).

Smith has been rated at 10 goals for 14 successive years, which puts him one ahead of the consecutive 10-goal record of the late Tommy Hitchcock Jr., who was killed in a plane crash during the last war, and Smith's over-all total of 11 years at 10 goals is only three behind Hitchcock's. Most polo experts credit the big Texan, who weighs 220 pounds and stands just under 6 feet, with being, next to Hitchcock, America's greatest star in 75 years of polo play in this country. Smith is the first to defer to his predecessor "Tommy belongs at the top of the list," he says. "He just seemed to have a little something extra. He always got a little more done out there than anyone else. It was mostly that he knew where to be all the time."

Smith, like Hitchcock, is one of the hardest riding of all

(Continued on page 48)

GOLF

By
HERBERT WARREN WIND

BERMUDA GREENS AND SHORTS
PLAYED A BIG PART IN LAST
WEEK'S WOMEN'S AMATEUR AND
SO DID PATRICIA ANN LESSER

THE 1978 Women's National Amateur Championship, which was held last week over the crisp Bermuda fairways and the devious Bermuda greens of the Myers Park Country Club in Charlotte, N.C., presented a number of remarkable sidelights during the long hot week of match play. It had, to begin with, that increasing rarity for an amateur championship these days: a defending champion, Barbara Romack. It had, in the first round, one of those upsets which demonstrate the longevity of a really good golfer, when Mrs. Harriet Flippin, who was Edith Quier when she played in her first Amateur back in 1925, eliminated the 1968 British champion, Marlene Stewart of Canada. It had in Will Smith, last year's Girls Junior champion and this year a top favorite to win everything she enters, a steady, freckle-faced girl with one of the sweetest and soundest swings you will ever see. It had, as in all women's tournaments here (though you are apt to forget it in between times), the ungrudging side function of seeing all men in the galleries as a helpful refresher course in the importance of taking the club back slowly on the correct line and waiting for the clubhouse at impact, two fundamentals you can easily be unaware of when you watch our best men players, who can accomplish so much by hand-action alone. It had, although the U.S.G.A. lifted the ban only last year, a field almost unanimously clad in shorts—much to the dismay of one local minister who broadcast his alarm in a radio sermon. And it had, as is now par for the course, such a plethora of teen-age entrants that the players who had attained the ripe maturity of 25 summers began to regard themselves as the grand old women of American golf.

Of these young youngsters, the one who caused the greatest stir was a wisp of a 16-year-old (about 5 feet 3 inches and admitting to 103 pounds) by the name of Clifford Ann Creed. Learning on a well-timed, three-quarter-length swing, Clifford Ann—the Ann is for her mother and the Clifford is for her father—made her way to the fourth round and was defeated there only on the home green by Jane Nelson, an

eventual finalist. Miss Creed comes from Opelousas, La., which proudly professes to be the Yam Capital of the World. Opelousas likes to repeat or "yam up" ordinary words to remind outsiders of their town's noble distinction; and Bill Tucker of the UP may not have been too far off when he predicted that, in the event Clifford Ann ever becomes the champion, the Opelousas Chamber of Commerce will rechristen the tournament "the Yamateur."

MISS LESSER'S WEEK

The Amateur also produced in Patricia Ann Lesser, a rangy, angular 23-year-old senior at Seattle University, an extremely deserving new champion, in more than one respect. First, few girls have worked at their golf more assiduously than Pat Lesser. She has won a lot of tournaments and lost a lot of tournaments since she initially came to prominence as the 1958 Girls Junior champion, and has exhibited in victory and defeat a fine friendly manner (as well as the deepest tan in the well-tanned world of tournament golf). And second, Pat this past week played far and away the best golf of anyone in the field. There is an old bromide that in a match-play elimination affair the winner always has one close call in which he or she barely squeaks by. Notwithstanding the fact that quite a few winners will solemnly through every match and that a large number of losers necessarily get polished off the day after they have pulled out "that tough one," the law of averages manages to keep the bromide alive. It looked pretty good last week. Miss Lesser struck her best turn late in the tournament after just scraping by in not one but two matches she might well have lost. In the second round, Mrs. Marge Mason carried her to the 15th green. Then, after a breather in the next round, Pat had to go 21 holes before defeating Mary Ann Downey, who had earlier put out Barbara Romack. The Lesser-Downey match perhaps packed the most excitement of the week. One down playing the 18th, a 463-yarder that built uphill after the drive, Miss Downey was faced with hitting a 26-foot downhill for a birdie to keep the match alive. She holed it

and then turned around with an expression of complete disbelief.

After the Downey match, which she won with a solid par on the third extra hole, the new champion turned it on. She was three under women's par in winning her quarter-final match, from Jane Corrigan 7 and 6. Against Polly Riley in the semi-final, she had no less than five birdies going out and made the turn 4 up, this despite the fact that Polly was even par herself. And in the 36-hole final—with the exception of the 8th hole on which she took an 8 after twice pitching into unplayable lies in the deep creek before the snakes green—Pat was even in for the other 29 holes in her 7-and-6 victory over Jane Nelson. That, colored, is a mighty impressive stretch of golf.

In addition to the Downey-Lesser battle, there were three other matches which, for entirely different reasons, will be well remembered by those who saw them. One, to be sure, was the duel in the quarter-final between Will Smith and Polly Riley, the determined Little Texan who has played on four Curtis Cup teams and personally reports her matches for the Fort Worth Press. Both Polly and Will were capable of going the whole way in this tournament, and from the beginning a quiet tension hung over their match. At the turn Polly stood 2 up and moved to 3 on the 10th when Will missed a two-footer, a very missable putt on stubby Bermuda greens where a ball can weave off the line in no distance at all unless you strike it firmly and accurately. Will got back to one down on the next two holes. They halved the 13th, 14th and 15th with well-played pars. Then, with holes rapidly running out, the question, depending on your sympathies, was whether Polly would be able to protect her margin or whether Will would be able to pick up that all-important hole. Polly did and Will didn't. They halved the last three with pars. Polly coming through with two very good shots under the pressure, holing an eight-footer for her half on the 18th and hitting the green on the long 17th with a three-iron she had to play from a downhill lie.

While all this sororicide was going on in the lower half of the draw—Downey ousting Romack, Lesser ousting Downey, Riley ousting Smith, and Lesser then ousting Riley in the semi—Jane Nelson, an extremely personable, 27-year-old schoolteacher (American history) from Indianapolis, was making her way almost with muffed out through the top half where, because of the fortunes of the blind draw, she was

perhaps a little easier. Jane's successful progress from novice to second rank was a pleasant surprise to her and also altered the vacation plans of an old classmate from the U.S. of Indiana, one William Shannahan. En route to Jacksonville, Shannahan happened to read that Jane was playing in the Charlotte and decided to drive out to the club and watch her first-round match. He was there all week.

In the semi-finals Jane came up against the owner of the most formidable handle in women's golf, Mrs. Scott Probasco Jr., who, before her marriage to a young man from the old Chattanooga bartering family, was Betty Rowland of Lexington, Ky. and Rollins College. Mrs. Probasco, a slim, good-looking girl of 23, has, like Jane Nelson, an attractive approach to golf—poise in her stance, relaxed between shots and generally respectful of her opponent's play whether she perform or tip. The match between these two old-fashioned tournament golfers was a charming one and a very even one. Miss Nelson won it 2 up. Mrs. Probasco, who puts Bermuda very well, missed a putt 19½ inches long on the 9th and a crucial one of about three feet on the 17th; and that's about all the difference there was between them.

THE FINAL

For a while it looked as if Jane might give Pat Lesser all she could handle in the final. She was one under par for the first six, and on five of these holes Pat had to drop gas-bagged putts for her half. Pat took the seventh when Jane played one of her rare loose two-shots, and she remained in charge the rest of the way. She hit her tee ball almost the right time and sometimes to the right places, and her short game helped her out whenever she had trouble to it. By lunch Pat was 5 up. She went 6 up on the 20th, a short par five, where, lying 10 feet off the green and 20 feet from the pin in two, she held her club for a couple. She missed the second green, but it was too late—she'd missed until the match ran itself out.

One more word before we leave the ladies. Golf has had many splendid champions, but it is doubtful if in recent years anyone has understood and executed the many responsibilities of being a national champion quite as well as the 1954 titleholder, Barbara Hanraack. A champion for so many as the standard for others, and the countless young golfers who have modeled themselves after Barbara will have a lot of pleasant years in golf to look forward to.

END



PAT LESSER—A tall, rangy girl from Seattle, Wash., who possesses one of the most elegant swings in golf, became the 1955 U.S. Women's National Amateur Champion when she defeated Jane Nelson, and a complete styled from Indianapolis. Lesser, Miss Lesser wears a new William S. Taft of the T & G A.C., sponsors of the tournament, the championship cup, a silver, enamel and copper trophy complete with ribbons.



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TIP FROM THE TOP



For golfers
of all degrees
of skill

from TED KEMPER, San Antonio Country Club, San Antonio, Texas

One of the first essentials a golfer must master if he is to achieve his goal of hitting the ball straight is to address the ball correctly to square up to the shot. Too many golfers make allowances for slices and hooks which they have yet to make. If hitting the ball straight is what you propose to do, then make full preparation for this in your stance. Address the ball in an orderly, systematic, almost geometric manner. While this will not guarantee a straight shot, you will by all means enhance your chances of playing one.

The first step in squaring up to the shot is to draw an imaginary line through the ball in the direction of the flight you want the ball to take. With your feet together, place them at a right angle to this line of flight. Still standing erect, check to see that your shoulders are parallel to this line of flight and that the shaft of the club is at a right angle to it. Only after you have carried out these preliminaries should you spread your feet and adapt your posture to the action of swinging the club.

If this procedure sounds too elementary, I might add here that it is an exact description of the way many of the top professionals, such as Sam Snead, assume their stance. After many years of tournament golf, they find that they still profit from adhering to this basic regimen.



The preparatory position—
feet together

The spread position—
feet spread

NEST HERE: PETER THOMSON ON THE POSITION OF THE HEAD



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BOXING

by BUDD SCHULBERG

WIN OR LOSE, ARCHIE MOORE'S PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN FOR THE TITLE FIGHT MAKES HIM THE SPORT'S COMMUNICATIONS CHAMP

In Archie Moore does what he keeps saying he'll do—outdoes Rocky Marciano of his heavyweight title—he'll be the first man to write as well as fight his way to the championship. When he climbs into the ring, sporting his rascallent robe and Mephistophelean mustache on the night of the 29th, it will not only climax a notable 24-year career but a personal publicity campaign that has poured across the desk of American sportswriters literally bushels of telegrams, letters, posters, circulars—some \$20,000 worth of words calling all sports editors to come to the aid of Archie Moore in his quest to tangle with Rocky for the championship of the world.

Thrusts that cascaded from Archie's headquarters was, by turn, witty, indignant, insulting, bombastic, factual, imaginative—the super Press Agent from Steve Hannagan to Russell Birdwell could hardly have done it better. If Archie wins this fight it would seem only simple gratitude that the Post Office issue an Archie Moore commemorative stamp, for in a nine-month campaign Archie has written hundreds of sportswriters and sportscasters two or three times a week and has single-handedly swelled the coffers (I've always wanted to set eyes on a coffer, by the way) of the U.S. mails. And Western Union could afford to declare a special dividend for Archie, who fires telegrams with the speed and accuracy he employs in throwing left and right hooks. The Bell Telephone Company hasn't done too badly either, for Archie is an articulate refutation of the stereotype pug who grunts "Hokay" when the manager gives him the old line, "You do the fightin' and I'll do the managin'." Archie, who was fighting for money when Marciano was 12 years old, handles the fighting, the training, the promoting and the talking.

Six months ago, when Al Weill was giving Archie Moore the usual brush and trying to decide which bum—Nino Valdes or Don Cockell—was the best meat for Rocky, Moore started talking up his fights again. He ridiculed Weill's hand-picked opponents by offering to fight Valdes and Cockell the same night—a challenge that smacked of the

good old days when boxers really challenged each other and managers weren't booked mechanically in offices as cavewild acts are. Archie phoned Pat Harman, sports editor of the Cincinnati Post, saying he would be flying into Cincinnati to launch a petition of 100 sports editors willing to pump for Marciano to meet Mr. Outside-Looking-In instead of trumped-up importations like Valdes and Cockell.

THE AMA FOR THE AAM

Harman enlisted in the Archie Moore Association for the Advancement of Archie Moore and blasted Weill. Al for ignoring the only man in the heavyweight ranks who seemed to have a reasonable chance of standing up to the bruiser from Brooklyn. But despite the verbal fireworks, Archie was seemingly getting no closer to the pot of gold at the end of the heavyweight rainbow. The AMA for the AAM buckled all along by our APPEPP! faced a sturdy roadblock in the chesty-chest-to-the-vest Mr. Weill. In the dressing room after the depressing Cockell affair, Al looked his interviewers in the eye and alluded as how the next logical opponent for Rocky might be Bob Baker.

But Archie Moore had knocked Baker out and had beaten Valdes twice? Weill dialed out the question as if he were wearing an invisible hearing aid.

But Archie Moore is a stubborn, patient man. A formidable middleweight, whose only shot at the middleweight championship was canceled by illness, the No. 1 light heavyweight contender carefully by-passed by the light heavyweight champions a decade or so ago, Archie had learned the hard way that the better you were the less chance you had to get in there for the big one. It had happened to Harry Wills and George Godfrey. The fight game always has had a tough club of pay-ya-want-no-part-of—Charlie Burley, Curtis (Hatchet) Mani Shappard, Holman Williams, Lloyd Marshall. In California we had a fella called Jack Chase who met Archie Moore half a dozen times between '42 and '47—49 rounds of the toughest fighting you'll ever see. Year after year, fighting men had deep throats, Archie handled the ones nobody wanted no part of—guys you never heard of who would chase Babe Olson out of the ring. Fought 'em with everything he had for no money until one day he got to Toledo to fight somebody they called as the Alabama Kid. It had taken Archie 12 years and nearly 100 fights to get Archie Moore to Toledo. The purse for the Alabama Kid thing was a lousy \$300. "Let's face it, I was never going to get a shot at the title," Archie has written of those hungry days. "I was never going to

continued on next page



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BOXING

continued from page 17

be a champion, except in my heart."

What Archie didn't know, the night he bowled over the Alabama Kid for nickels was that Toledo housed a fellow by the name of Bob Reene, a prosperous Ford dealer who was waiting to play Fairy Godmother to Archie's Cinderella. Archie had seven fights in Toledo in 12 months, battling 1944 with five knockouts, including such eminent victims as Bob Satterfield and Jimmy Rivers. But he won more. He won the support of this Bob Reene whose motor company eventually became the headquarters for his publicity campaign. Reene bankrolled the Archie Moore story. He wrote a lot of the copy, set up a staff of secretaries to keep the letters and wires flowing, issued catchy posters such as "Wanted—Wanted—Wanted—REWARD for Capture and Delivery of Rocky Marciano to Any Ring in the World for the Purpose of Defending His Heavyweight Championship against the Legible contender, Archie Moore. Reward: the Boxing Public Will See a Great Fight and Witness the Crowning of a New Champion. Advice (Sheriff) ARCHIE MOORE."

A STUDY IN IRONY

Archie's career has been a study in irony and never more so than two months ago when his fortunes took a sudden upward turn. He had been knocking out overrated heavyweights and light heavyweights for years, but his unprecedented \$50,000 publicity campaign might have gone down the drain if he had not disposed of Babe Olson, a run-of-the-mill middleweight champion who borrows the mantle of greatness in a day when TV and an inspiring promoter has brought us down to what might be called the Chuck Davay-Tommy Collins Era. Archie had knocked out scores of fighters better than Babe but at the propitious moment Olson provided the ideal sacrifice to the gods of public opinion.

All his fighting life Archie was kept out of the big arenas on the spurious argument that he was long on ability but short on B.O. appeal. Now, largely through his efforts, he and Marciano figure to draw the biggest gate since the golden days of Louis. He may not win when he finally gets in three with Rocky, two weeks from next Tuesday night. But win or lose, Archie Moore is the all-time Communications Champion of the world of sport.

END



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What can you do about this?

The answer to America's substandard housing problem starts with you. For it's up to you to keep up and improve your own home. And it's up to you and your neighbors to keep your neighborhood and your whole town in good condition.

Some slums should be torn down and a fresh start made. Others can be remodeled, made to conform to better living standards. So it is up to you to get behind every sound program which seeks to provide adequate housing for all our people.

New help is now available

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DAVIS CUP

continued from page 29

formidable United States challenger. The Australians again had their "teenie twins," Lewis Hoad and Ken Rosewall, each just now nearing voting age, and grizzled Ken Hastings, who teamed with Hoad in doubles.

Eight months can bring about a tremendous difference—favorably—in 20-year-olds. The same period of time can only slow the stop and dull the edge of a man 32, like Seixas.

Nevertheless, I thought Vic played a terrific match against his old bugaboo, Rosewall, on opening day. Scrapping for every point, he performed every bit as well as last December when he conquered Rosewall in four sets.

He also followed the 1964 winning pattern—the attack on Rosewall's forehand instead of backhand. But it was not enough.

Rosewall's backcourt marksmanship, the deadliest in amateur tennis, was the best I've ever seen it. He rifled his returns at the feet of the net-charging Seixas and passed him with radar-guided shots that brought white chalk flying.

Furthermore, for a player renowned for his weak service, the little dark-haired Australian served brilliantly. His delivery was usually deep and well placed, giving Seixas little opportunity to attack it.

Our big disappointment, of course, was Trabert, who had been counted on to win two matches for our side.

Teng, I thought, was several notches below the form he displayed in the Challenge Round last year and also in his sweep to 16 tournament victories since that time. He never got the full effectiveness from his cannon-ball service and his volleying was timid and tentative.

To satisfy my own mind, I have tried to find an explanation for Teng's sudden slump, without attempting to alibi for it. I do feel that the long competitive layoff following Trabert's shoulder miseries in the Southampton tournament contributed to his rustiness.

A BLIND GLOMERATE

He also turned up with a new blister on his racket hand which forced him out of the final day's singles. I'm inclined to believe Teng's blister troubles are the result of nerves. They always seem to coincide with important events, such as the Davis Cup in 1963 and Wimbledon last year. They pop up on different parts of his

hand and have even infected his heel.

But nothing should be allowed to detract from Head's fine victory. The thick-shouldered, blond Aussie was at his best, his backhanding best. I have never seen him play with such sustained power.

Our defeat in the doubles marathon was just one of those things. It was a magnificent match, perhaps one of the greatest in Davis Cup history, one which could have gone either way.

In substituting Hartwig for Rosewall, the Australians have strengthened their team immeasurably. Rosewall's half-paced service always was a weak link in doubles. Hartwig, an aggressive, sliding-type player, not only gives the team a "big" service but adds a new dimension. His service returns and over-all play against us were superior to the performance of Head.

A ROUND TRIP TO AUSTRALIA

Now America must face up to the fact that Australia not only has the Cup again but possesses the tennis youth and squad depth to defend it for years to come. Our outlook is far from hopeful. But we must start a rebuilding job now with an eye on the Challenge Round 18 months hence.

Seixas has indicated this is his last season of concentrated competitive tennis. Hamilton Richardson departs in a month to pursue his Rhodes Scholarship in England. That leaves Trabert, whose professional ambitions probably have been sidetracked temporarily by his Davis Cup reversals. To team with Trabert we need at least three young men of international caliber.

Behind Rosewall and Head, who should be improving for the next several years, Australia has Hartwig, who has beaten them both; 21-year-old Neale Fraser, a good-looking left-hander, and Ashley Cooper, a tall 18-year-old with classic style. The Australian assembly line is never idle.

Behind Trabert, with Seixas and Richardson now indefinite, we actually have no one. On this year's squad we had Eddie Maylan, 41; Gilbert Shea, 34; Herbie Flam, 38, and Sam Giammalva, 20. Maylan, Shea and Flam are veteran internationals but they have not shown an ability to match strokes with the likes of Head and Rosewall. Giammalva, a hard-hitting Texan who has scored some big wins, is a definite "corner" but he may be a couple or three years away.

Perhaps our national championships coming up will produce a couple of new bright tennis hopes. The price: a round trip to Australia, all expenses paid, and bring along a tax. (E.S.S.)

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So, in red, yellow, orange
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hold a golf ball in position
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REFERENCES

Year	Number of cases	Percentage of cases
1990	10	10.0
1991	15	15.0
1992	20	20.0
1993	25	25.0
1994	30	30.0
1995	35	35.0
1996	40	40.0
1997	45	45.0
1998	50	50.0
1999	55	55.0
2000	60	60.0
2001	65	65.0
2002	70	70.0
2003	75	75.0
2004	80	80.0
2005	85	85.0
2006	90	90.0
2007	95	95.0
2008	100	100.0
2009	105	105.0
2010	110	110.0
2011	115	115.0
2012	120	120.0
2013	125	125.0
2014	130	130.0
2015	135	135.0
2016	140	140.0
2017	145	145.0
2018	150	150.0
2019	155	155.0
2020	160	160.0
2021	165	165.0
2022	170	170.0
2023	175	175.0
2024	180	180.0
2025	185	185.0
2026	190	190.0
2027	195	195.0
2028	200	200.0
2029	205	205.0
2030	210	210.0
2031	215	215.0
2032	220	220.0
2033	225	225.0
2034	230	230.0
2035	235	235.0
2036	240	240.0
2037	245	245.0
2038	250	250.0
2039	255	255.0
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2043	275	275.0
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2048	300	300.0
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2050	310	310.0
2051	315	315.0
2052	320	320.0
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2062	370	370.0
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2070	410	410.0
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2072	420	420.0
2073	425	425.0
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2085	485	485.0
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2087	495	495.0
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2089	505	505.0
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2096	540	540.0
2097	545	545.0
2098	550	550.0
2099	555	555.0
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from different sources have been forwarded on numerous occasions. An extensive Commission and Sub-Committee have been appointed to investigate the matter, and a bill has been introduced which looks a little better than ordinary ones. Can be passed by the committee of the House of Commons.

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Figure 1 consists of four bar charts labeled (a) through (d), each showing the percentage of respondents for different age groups across various demographic categories. The age groups on the x-axis are 18-24, 25-34, 35-44, 45-54, 55-64, and 65+.

- (a) Gender:** Shows the percentage of respondents for Male and Female across the age groups.
- (b) Education:** Shows the percentage of respondents for High School, Bachelor's, Master's, and PhD across the age groups.
- (c) Income:** Shows the percentage of respondents for \$0-\$10,000, \$10,000-\$20,000, \$20,000-\$30,000, \$30,000-\$40,000, \$40,000-\$50,000, and \$50,000+ across the age groups.
- (d) Employment status:** Shows the percentage of respondents for Full-time, Part-time, Unemployed, and Retired across the age groups.

Abstract

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PREVIEW

THE PROS HIT THE CLOVER

After years of feuding, professional football has finally found
a host of faithful fans and now looks forward to its finest year

by **ALFRED WRIGHT**



At this point in the year a recent type of autumnal trauma begins to descend on several hundred thousand American males and a few tens of thousands of their ladies. To this hard core of professional football fans Sunday becomes a day of double devotion, the latter part of it dedicated to the rites of the game they worship.

Pro football has spawned a new kind of fanatic, a student of the sport who is as loyal to his cause as the Old Guard or the Notre Dame subway alumnus but filled with an added fervor. On Sunday afternoons he sits at the shrine of the big bruisers who represent the virtues he likes to attribute to his own enclave: strength, grace and violence when aroused. In adversity the men of San Francisco or Baltimore somehow rise in righteousness and unite the malevolent forces from, say, Chicago or Pittsburgh, and the home team feels much better for it.

These considerations aside, pro football is also the great American game raised to such a peak of perfection that only the smallest shadings in physical and technical superiority separate the best from the worst of the 12 teams in the National Football League. The players themselves are pretty much of a pattern. An offensive center weighs 220 to 240 pounds, stands well over six feet and might occasionally get the jump on a tackle. A tackle will be a bit heavier, and proportionately slower. A fullback runs like a sprinter and should press the scales beyond 200 pounds. In fact, if a man weighs less than 200, he had better have extraordinary speed and finesse at any position or take up another occupation. This is a contest reserved largely for giants, and nothing pleases the fan like watching his own giants give a lesson in manners and skill to the enemy's.

The coming of age of pro football as a major spectator sport is a recent development. As SI's Herman Hickman, himself a sometime pro, pointed out in these pages just before the All-Star Game in August, "There was a time, not too far distant, when professional football was simply semi-pro." Throughout most of the 1930s the best of the collegians were about on a par with the pros, as the statistics of the All-Star Game will verify. Then—around the late '30s—the pros began to catch the fancy of the fans. The turnstile whirled and money came in.

By the time the World War was over, pro football was enough of an attraction to set the promoters squabbling for franchises and players. A rival league sprang up to muscle in on the old NFL, which was beginning to see blue

PREMIER COACH since joining the pros nine years ago, Cleveland's Paul Brown sends in every play from the old files.



OLDEST COACH (left) is head coach of the Chicago Bears, George Halas. A former football player and referee, he, like most coaches, has



SUCCESSFUL NEW COACH is Buddy Parker, a slave of competition who has led Detroit from debility to championship.

skender the first time since it was formed in 1921. Football was growing rapidly enough, but the confusion of too many teams in too many leagues was eliminating the profits. By 1926, when the rival All-American Conference merged with the NFL, leaving two divisions of six teams each, a 19th year was folded.

In the Age of Pro Football as we know it, is just entering its sixth year. Yet it has reached the stage where the gate receipts of its fans in cities where it has the strongest grip—Washington, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles—seem to reach an attainable only in times of warfare. In last year's game between the Los Angeles Rams and the San Francisco 49ers, a work in which the rivalry of these two California cities ran at last came to play out, approximately a variant sport was played in the 1950thousand Los Angeles Coliseum, and spectators ran high. Two disastrous 2nd quarters left the field on stretches, doubled for the entire season. Red Camp, the Rams' great pass receiver, had broken and wouldn't play again until 1957. In the presence of these circumstances, the fans at each paragraph seemed to say, as the evening fell: "That's about as to play, enough with our boys."

There is, of course, much more to the game of pro football, however, than running and bumping. It is, first, the serious games are seldom, purposeful. They come from the fact that a collision between two behemoths traveling at top speed—and you can't play pro ball unless you can move that big bulk—is often going to produce a bigger crash than the human frame is designed for. The game is played with a pace and precision that no college coach could achieve, even at colleges where football practice has precedence over the classroom.

It is the coaches that spell the big difference among the league's twelve carefully chosen, finely conditioned squads. It has been argued with considerable merit that you could put Paul Brown of the Cleveland Browns or Buddy Parker of the Detroit Lions in charge of any of

the tail-end squads, and within a space of weeks or months they would have the team at the top. It might take a bit longer, but the general theory is valid. Pro football is even more a coach's game than the college version. It is the coach who recruits and chooses the best players each year during the winter draft, and it is his judicious balancing of personnel rather than the presence of a few outstanding football celebrities that marks the successful squad.

Paul Brown, who helped organize the Cleveland Browns in 1946 and has coached them through the most impressive record of any pro team during the past nine years, immediately understood the importance of balance and has gradually taught it to his colleagues. Certainly Brown has had linebacks (into linebacks, the quarterback of them all: Marion Motley and Maurice Bassett, the pulverizing fullback; Lou Groza, the marmoset tackle whose place-kicks are a league legend—but these names are mainly for the headlines, and they miss most of their history; Brown created them. They might not be there at all, in fact, if Brown hadn't discovered the secret of blending them with a score or more of Godless fellows who make the Browns machine purr like a Rolls-Royce and for the same reason. When functioning properly every detail is a piece of perfection in itself, hand-tooled by the coach.

In 1952 the NFL turned to television to find new friends, and unlike their brethren in baseball the owners transferred it to an unbridled bidding. Last year's play-off between Detroit and Cleveland attracted 10 million viewers on 157 stations, and this year the weekly games should come near to duplicating the potential television audience. As the price for 1955, they figure to approach the average of between \$200,000 per game in 1954 while tearing a host of new friends on the grounds of the thrill and suspense of imminent violence on the playing field.

END

FOR A TEAM-BY-TEAM ANALYSIS TURN THE PAGE

continued from page 23

WESTERN CONFERENCE

This is the tough half of the league, and no matter what the statistics may show, it is always a daylight between the Lions, the Bears, the Rams and the 49ers. Running into each other week after week with only occasional breathers against the two take-it-easy, no-team-can-possibly-win them all. The one with the reserves or, to put it another way, the team least depleted by injuries, winds up in front. For the past three years it has been Detroit. Before that it was the Rams. This year a lot of football newcomers see George Halas' Bears—the Monsters of the Midway—renewing the reign of terror they held over the league in the days of Bronko Nagurski and Sid Luckman. Whoever wins the Western Conference should again provide not only the best football but the real payday crowds. Without any confidence whatsoever, SI picks this division to end in the following order for the following reasons:

Detroit Lions. Buddy Parker has proved himself the most resourceful coach in his division. He also has Bobby Layne, a pugnaciously determined quarterback who can raise a team out of apparent defeat; Don Walker, the best all-round pro back in the business; an awesome defensive line flanked by 250-pound Leon Hart; an impressive roster of big rookie linemen to fill up holes caused by retirement and the inevitable migrations to Canada.

Chicago Bears. After 35 years in pro football—he coached and played and for the Bears before the NFL was formed in 1921—Coach George Halas has never learned to suffer defeat gladly. In recent years when his material was low and his attack somewhat dated, Halas kept the Bears a threat by his unquenchable desire to win, and no team played the Bears without taking home an impressive collection of scars and bruises. This year Halas has a fine young crop of neophytes plus Harlan Hill, a stringbean of an end who was such a whiz on the long pass last year that he had old fans talking in terms of Don Hutson. The 49ers' newcomers will lose a few, but the kind of rough, tough football Halas teaches comes by just what is needed to win this up-and-back division.

San Francisco 49ers. The greatest running backfield in football history—Hugh McElhenny, Joe Perry and John Henry Johnson—belongs to this club.

They say you can't win by running in pea ball, but with Y. A.ittle to throw passes the 49ers have had the most versatile and explosive attack in the game for the past several years when required. The trouble was they couldn't stay inspired for 60 minutes, and they had a way of dawdling over their big first-half leads and letting them expire towards the end of the game. This year they hope that Red Stander, their new coach, will run the fault without losing the offense. If he does, the 49ers will lead the division for the first time.

Los Angeles Rams. For years they have had the finest football talent in the league, but no coach could keep them happy and united. For three of the last five years Quarterback Norm Van Brocklin has led the league in passing, which is the backbone of the Rams attack. Even without Elroy Hirsch, a young newcomer from the college ranks (Cincinnati) will have to cure these defenses before the Rams can regain the top.

Green Bay Packers. These are the dog days for the once-great Packers. Coach Lisle Blackbourn took over last year and converted this last stronghold of the struggling to the T, and Tobin Roer, his quarterback, shook great promises. But the Packers needed a thorough rebuilding, and Blackbourn is now giving it to them. Despite the retirement of Clayton Tammelman, an Olympic line backer, the Packers will have the kind of defense that will hurt better clubs, but the scoring punch just isn't there yet.

Baltimore Colts. Here is about the best defensive line in either league with five men averaging 258 pounds from end to nose. There's also Coach Weeb Ewbank, an able Paul Brown disciple now in his second year with the Colts. Then there is Edie (8 feet 4 inch, 175-pounds) Buddy Young, a southback who sometimes makes the big pro look like stone statues. After that, it is purely a question of whether Ewbank's prize plums from the draft—especially Fullback Alvin (The Homer Attles) and Quarterback George Shaw (from Oregon)—will provide the nucleus for the kind of backstop attack the Colts need to hold them from the cellar.



BOBBY LAYNE OF DETROIT LIONS IN PASS



WALK OF CHICAGO BEARS TAKES A PASS



WELSHMEN OF SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS



VAN BROCKLIN OF LOS ANGELES RAMS



GRABBER OF CLEVELAND BROWNS GETS



GIANTS OF PHILADELPHIA CUTS IN



LEADER OF NEW YORK GIANTS LONGS



MATCHUP OF CHICAGO CARDS IS AWAY

EASTERN CONFERENCE

Since joining the NFL in 1950 the Cleveland Browns have never finished worse than first in the Eastern division—or Conference, as it is now called. Last year—the first in Coach Paul Brown's major re-education program for his aging team—the Browns started slowly, losing two of their first three games, while the Giants and Eagles (as well as the Browns) ended the Brown regime. It was not to be, and the Browns, having assimilated their own talent, went on to win the next eight straight as well as their second NFL title in the December play-off with Detroit. Although the Eagles and Giants seem to have improved enough to give the Eastern Conference a genuine three-team race this year, the final standings in the division should not about as level before—with Cleveland, it seems, at top.

Cleveland Browns. Otto Graham's beleaguered retirement will probably have to be deferred now that a federal court has enjoined Reggie Belton, Browns' free dicker, out on his Canadian contract. That leaves the team with no substitute for Quarterback George Blanda, who was finally set to inherit Graham's job. With much-hyped Graham back for his 18th year, the Browns would have an all-time field leader who is unsurpassed in pro ranks. Beyond that, Cleveland has the coaching of Paul Brown, undeniable master of his craft. With a carefully selected crop of rookies on hand to remove the inevitable depression and pep up the veterans, who's to say the Browns can't repeat?

Philadelphia Eagles. A heavy asset for this team is its pair of passing quarterbacks: Johnny Mark and Bobby Thomson. But more important, Coach Jim Trimble finally feels he has an outside-weather-running attack to make the pressure off the toping. The outside runners are Don Johnson and Skipmy Giammariti, both hobbled by injuries last year but now swimmingly sound. Not since they won the title in 1948 have the Eagles been as well balanced, defensively and offensively—and as optimistic.

New York Giants. Coach Jim Lee Howell, an old Giant and starting his second year as head coach, is still rebuilding the old-fashioned club he inherited from Steve Owen—a club tremendous on defense with a solid, jelling ground attack

but lacking the sudden-death scoring threat that makes a modern pro team great. Howell wants offensive strength and hopes to get it from Hankies Joe Rupp, a Notre Dame; Mel Triplett, a former fullback from Toledo; and Alex Webster, a 210-pound halfback who was voted Eastern Conference MVP last year. The Giants still have their iron defense spearheaded by Tom Landrum, their veteran halfback and great kicker, but the passing attack is erratic.

Washington Redskins. Once a perennial power in the league, they faded when Sammy Baugh retired, but this year they are the team most likely to surprise. In Eddie LeBaron, back from a year in Canada, they have a watch-job quarterback who can be touched with genius on his happy days and Ralph Guglielmi, the great Notre Dame All-American quarterback, showed what he can do against pigs in the All-Star Game. The big factor, however, is Coach Jim Kalish, who has found a way to do his job without much backage backing from George Preston Marshall, the Redskins' perennial owner. Assuring that team harmony has been restored, the Redskins have the passing and defense to hurt anyone in the league on a given Sunday, but not the horses to keep it up week after week.

Pittsburgh Steelers. These is-and-aren'ts beat Cleveland 34-27 one Sunday in 1954. Everything worked that day, but it didn't do so for the Steelers, and the consistency won't be much better this year. They have a good but unpredictable passer in Quarterback Jim Pinder, a fine runner in Lynn Christensen and a good receiver in Ray Mathews. There is something of fine men for other positions, but this is not a well-stocked team.

Chicago Cardinals. They frankly admit they have no one to look ten up as their hopes rely with their bumper crop of rookies: Max Baughman, the celebrated end from Oklahoma; four Rose Bowlers from Ohio State and USC; but most of all an Oregon State halfback named Dale Mann, who has been burning up military uniforms for two years. Among these ingredients with Halfback Otto Matson, a former Olympic sprinter who is already writing his name in the record books, the Cards may soon expect to move up, but probably not this year.

(U.S.A.)

CECIL SMITH

continued from page 42

polo players, and he is also one of the hardest hitting. Not without reason has he been called the Babe Ruth or Ted Williams of polo. His free and easy, loose-limbed swing at a moving ball, his ability to catch it in mid-air and propel it in the opposite direction the way Ruth or Williams have caught a blazing home-ride and sent it screaming toward the bleachers, have made him as dangerous on the defensive as on the offensive, which is what a great player has to be. Even as his age—which he doesn't show—and despite a slight paunch, Smith will still outsize and outsmash men who are 20 or 30 years his junior.

This great riding ability and the tremendous power of his strokes have made Smith a natural No. 3 man on most teams, although he has played a lot at No. 2 as well. No. 3 is the chief offensive-defensive position. No. 1 and No. 2 are comparable to forwards on a basketball team, and the back is a roving goal tender who, unlike a hockey goalie, makes downfield series on occasion. At any moment No. 3 must be ready to lead an assault toward the opposition goal and also turn in a flash and drop back to break up an opposition thrust or protect his own goal if his back is temporarily out of position. In a fast game, only a No. 3, as the chief offensive player, is apt to do more riding than a No. 2, but the riding done by No. 3 is invariably more difficult. He should be the latest thinker on the field, able to anticipate the strategy and tactics of all four members of the opposition as well as gauge the riding and shotmaking capacities of his own team members.

Smith began as a No. 1 and No. 2 when he started playing polo in the fall of 1924 in Texas, but by the time he came East in 1927 and saw Hitchcock and Devereux Milburn, the greatest American back, play at Westbury, L.I. he began to concentrate on No. 3 position too. In 1930, with a seven-goal rating, Smith played with Long Island's Roslyn team that won the Monty Waterbury Cup and, as a result of his fine performance, was named a substitute on the American quartet that whipped the British in the International Tournament that year. By 1932 he had acquired his reputation as a fearless rider who gave and took no quarters. In the semifinals of the national open at Meadow Brook, playing with John Hay Whitney's Greentree team against Eastcott, Smith was

described by the late Harry Cohn, the New York Herald Tribune's police expert, as "riding with all the abandon of a croupier at a rodeo." He was all over the field, controlling beautiful long drives with his best shots, the off-side forward and back, and spearheading the attack. Toward the end of the game his pony pitched him forward and Smith was painfully hurt, but he came back after resting and led Greentree to a one-point victory with what was afterward found to be a fractured elbow.

ADMISSION TO HITCHCOCK

It was the following year, having earned a nine-goal rating, that Smith played what he himself considers his finest polo—in the East-West matches. The East was made up of the polished internationalists, Hitchcock, Raymond and Winston Guest and Michael Phipps; it was a 22-goal team playing against a poorer-mounted 33-goal West quartet that had scarcely worked out together before the match began at Lake Forest, Ill. The two Texans, Smith and H. W. (Rube) Williams, led the West, and the other two were a pair of Californians, Elmer Bonicke and Adrian Roach. Everyone thought the East would win, but the West was two out of three to take the title. In the first wild contest, which the West took 15-11, Smith scored on five out of six penalty shots, an astonishing record. He was described as "a centaur in a buckskin fury." In the fifth period, he

smashed into Raymond Guest's horse and was knocked unconscious for 20 minutes. An ambulance clanged by to take him to the hospital, but he got up and climbed back into the saddle and finished the game, doing almost as well as before he was hurt. Now, he admits, "I didn't remember very much about it afterward."

The late Will Rogers, a very low-goal player (he once requested a minus-one-goal rating) but a high polo enthusiast, was especially happy about the West's victory. Hailing Smith as the natural successor to Hitchcock, whom the Texans had outscored, Rogers wrote, "The East never thought the West could muster up four guys with white pants, much less some radicals.... Well, the hillbillies beat the dudes and took the polo championship right out of the drawing room and into the bunkhouse.... The East always thought you had to have a birth certificate to play it. Poor old society! Nothing exclusive left.... Now polo has gone to the barnyard belt."

Rogers wrote with as much truth as gleaming wit. The next year Smith got his first 10-goal rating, and while he dropped back to eight and nine the following three years, he had earned the permanent respect of the polo world; it was to the credit of the blue-blooded Easterners that they henceforth accepted the red-blooded Texans for what they were worth. Smith has held his 10-goal mark since 1938.

International matches are not what they used to be, although with tensions diminished it's now hoped that an Argentine team will come to the



"I was so doing over myself! The torque was 312 foot-pounds at 4200 rpm, the oil pressure gauge read 40 pounds per square inch and the BMEP...."

CECIL SMITH

continued from page 51

polo players, and he is also one of the hardest-hitting. Not without reason has he been called the Babe Ruth or Ted Williams of polo. He line and razz, launches surges at a moving ball, his ability to catch it in mid-air and propel it in the opposite direction the way Ruth or Williams have brought blazing baseballs and sent them sailing toward the bleachers, have made him as dangerous on the defensive as on the offensive, which is what a great player has to be. Even at his age—which he doesn't show—and despite a slight paunch, Smith will still outpace and outsmash men who are 20 or 30 years his junior.

His great riding ability and the tremendous power of his strokes have made Smith a natural No. 3 man on most teams, although he has played a lot at No. 2 as well. No. 3 is the chief offensive-defensive position. No. 1 and No. 2 are comparable to forwards on a basketball team, and the back is a roving goal tender who, unlike a hockey goalie, makes downfield service an occasion. At any moment No. 3 must be ready to head an assault toward the opposition goal and also turn in a flash and drop back to break up an opposition thrust or protect his own goal if his back is temporarily out of position. In a fast game, only a No. 3, as the chief offensive rover, is apt to do more riding than a No. 3, but the riding done by No. 3 is invariably more difficult. He should be the fastest thinker on the field, able to anticipate the strategy and tactics of all four members of the opposition as well as gauge the riding and shot-making capacities of his own team members.

Smith began as a No. 1 and No. 2 when he started playing polo in the fall of 1924 in Texas, but by the time he came East in 1927 and saw Hitchcock and Devereux Milburn, the greatest American back, play at Westbury, L.I., he began to concentrate on No. 3 position too. In 1930, with a seven-goal rating, Smith played with Long Island's Resch team that won the Monty Waterbury Cup and, as a result of his fine performance, was named a substitute on the American quartet that whipped the British in the International Tournament that year. By 1932 he had acquired his reputation as a fearless rider who gave and took no quarter. In the semifinals of the national open at Meadow Brook, playing with John Hay Whitney's Greentree team against Eastcott, Smith was

described by the late Harry Cross, the New York Herald Tribune's polo expert, as "riding with all the abandon of a sprinter at a stake." He was all over the field, controlling beautiful long drives with his testicles, the off-side forward and back, and spearheading the attack. Toward the end of the game his pony jockeyed him forward and Smith was pushed back, but he came back after resting and led Greentree to a one-point victory with what was afterward found to be a fractured elbow.

SUCCESSOR TO HITCHCOCK

It was the following year, having earned a nine-goal rating, that Smith played what he himself considers his finest polo—in the East-West matches. The East was made up of the polished internationalists, Hitchcock, Raymond and Winston Guest and Michael Phipps; it was a 32-goal team playing against a poorer-mounted 31-goal West quartet that had scarcely worked out together before the match began at Lake Forest, Ill. Two new Texans, Smith and H. B. Rabe-Williams, led the West, and the other two were a pair of Californians, Elmer Bonowke and Airtas Roark. Everyone thought the East would win, but the West won two out of three to take the title. In the first and control, which the West took 13-11, Smith scored on five out of six penalty shots, an astounding record. He was described as "a veteran in a beginner's day." In the fifth period, he

smashed into Raymond Guest's knee and was knocked unconscious for 20 minutes. An ambulance charged in to take him to the hospital, but he got up and climbed back into the saddle and finished the game, doing almost as well as before he was hurt. Not he admits, "I didn't remember very much about it afterward."

The late Will Rogers, a very low-goal player (he once requested a minimum goal rating; but a high polo outfit said), was especially happy about the West's victory. Having Smith as the natural successor to Hitchcock, whom the Texas had outscored, Rogers wrote, "The East never thought the West could muster up four guys with white pants, much less some maffies. . . . Well, the hillbillies beat the blues and took the polo championship right out of the playing room and into the backhouse. . . . The East always thought you had to have a birth certificate to play it. Poor old society! Nothing exclusive left. . . . Now polo has gone to the backseat belt."

Rogers went on with as much myth as gleam and wit. The next year Smith got his first 10-goal rating, and while he dropped back to eight and nine the following three years, he had earned the permanent respect of the polo world; it was to the credit of the blue-blooded Easterners that they henceforth accepted the red-blooded Texans for what they were worth. Smith has held his 10-goal mark since 1938.

International matches are not what they used to be, although with tensions diminished it's now hoped that an Argentine team will come to the



"I was so doing over effects! The torque was 112 foot-pounds at 3500 rpm, the oil pressure gauge read 60 pounds per square inch and the BMEP...."

continued from page 10

natural thoroughbreds," Smith says. "Twenty years ago we thought a half-bred was pretty good down in Texas, but now we don't offer a horse unless he's three-quarters true. The more thorough a horse is bred, the better his staying power."

Smith will take a pony at the age of 4 or 5 and train it for at least two years. A polo pony's best playing span is from 7 to 12, although there are horses that have played competitively at the hoary age of 18 and a few whose hearts have given out gloriously in the middle of a shukler. Because of mechanization on the range, it's a lot harder than it used to be to find good young ponies, but each year Smith manages to corral ten or so at \$400 to \$900 apiece and start their training before he heads north or southeast with a string of 10 or 12 that are ready for play. He tries to sell four to six of these at prices from \$1,500 to \$1,600.

"Fellows like Rube Williams and myself used to leave Texas and sell our best horses out from under us in a month or so," Smith says. "Then we'd play the rest of the season on what we had left, or on what someone loaned us. Now, for the first time, I feel I'm in Hinebrook's class in the saddle. I bought 25 horses at the end of the war and I've kept eight of the best for my-

self each year, replacing them gradually. It makes all the difference in the world. You've got to do it to play big-goal polo. A poor player on a good pony will ride a good player on a poor pony off the ball almost any time." Pausing a moment, Smith grinned. "I figure an old man like me deserves a special break."

Smith is essentially a shy person and, in true cowboy tradition, not a particularly loquacious one, but it is doubtful that a player exists today who would yet want to gamble on riding him off. (Riding off denotes the ability of a man to have his pony out-gallop and bump along an opponent's horse, to "take the man"—keep the opponent tied up and away from the ball.) As a continuous combat in hard and clever riding, polo today is not much different from what it is believed to have been some 2,000 years ago, when it was first played, some say, by Iranian tribes in Central Asia, or, others claim, at the Mogul courts, where the emperors used it to test the mettle of their men.

The Emperor Akbar (1547-1605), a great Mogul soldier and polo enthusiast (he even invented a slow-burning flame-ball for use after dark), had his praises as a player sung in almost the same words now used to extol Smith, and for the same reasons. In his court chronicle, Akbar's Prime Minister noted, "His Majesty is unrivaled for the

skill he shows in the various ways of hitting the ball; he often manages to strike the ball when it is in the air and astonishes all." The Moguls called the game *chogay*, meaning ball-and-stick, and it did not become polo until they brought it with their conquests to India and Tibet—the word in Tibet for it was *po* (meaning willow root), which the British made polo. James Gordon Bennett, the editor of the New York *Herald*, brought the game to America from England in 1876, and he might as readily have hired Akbar's bard as the San Antonio scribe who wrote typically of Smith, a short time ago, "Those who have seen him race down a polo field at full tilt after a crazily bouncing willow ball, connect with it in mid-air in a clean swipe with the slender barrel head of his whippy polo mallet and draw a swing in the wind half the length of the field agree there has never been any like him and perhaps never will be."

PLAYER BEST POLO WITH IGLEHART

The chief reason Smith is still such a fine player at 51 and such a dapper, hard rider is that he is on a horse for four hours or more almost every day, which of course is what the Moguls were, too. If he is not actually playing polo, he will ride up and down a field alone with a mallet and "tick a few balls,"—mark a ball back and forth to practice his strokes. As a means of keeping both eye and muscle tuned, for horse as well as man, polo players think this seemingly idle activity is as important as baseball players regard batting and fielding practice.

There is a lot in polo, as in most other sports, to playing regularly with men who know each other's strengths and special abilities. Low-goal players normally are confined to their clubs, scattered all over the country, and high-goal players nowadays no longer have the advantage of frequent international matches to make them play together as often as they did before the war.

Smith figures he has played his finest polo, enough, this year, with Stewart Igglehart, who, at 15, is one of the other two 19-goal players in the United States. Bob Stone of California is the third; but Igglehart does not play as much as he used to, and he and Smith now compete rarely. Along with Igglehart, Smith has most enjoyed playing with Mike Flanagan, an eight-goal man. With Winston Guest (whose last rating was in 1947 at back), thequarter.com, games with the all-time best. The fact that there are few groups on the horizon to match it is, due, Smith feels, to



"My turn."

TOP U.S. POLO TEAMS

American polo is widely based on some 40 large and small member clubs of the U.S. Polo Association divided into circuits which sponsor games—tournament, Freestyle, club, tournament, tournament, draws, although occasionally four players can band together, take a team name, and play without the backing of a club. Some of the clubs play only outdoor polo, others only the indoor game. A number of clubs play both, or else a combination game which is called "arena polo."

Top U.S. Polo clubs by circuit are: **NORTHEASTERN:** Madison House Club, Westbury, N.Y.; Blind Brook Polo Club, Port Chester, N.Y.; **CENTRAL:** Dots Polo Club, Detroit, Mich.; Milwaukee Polo Club, Waukegan, Ill.; **SOUTHEASTERN:** Broadview-Pine Associates, Wilmington, Del.; Gulf Stream Polo Club, Delray Beach, Fla.; **PACIFIC COAST:** Santa Barbara County Polo Association, Santa Barbara, Calif.; San Francisco Polo Club, Calif.; San Mateo-Burlingame Polo Club, San Mateo, Calif.; **SOUTHWESTERN:** El Hoyo Polo Club, Vernon, Texas; Pine Association of Dallas, Texas; San Antonio Polo Club, Texas; **NORTHWESTERN:** Fairfield Polo Association, Wichita, Kan.

the desire of good game players, who are able to play polo regularly.

Going after his fifth national open team crown in the next fortnight at Oak Brook, Smith will be playing with his Hensdale sponsor, Paul Butler, a wealthy airplane dealer and paper manufacturer, whose sponsorship of the sport, including financing trips to players and maintaining a large stable, outstrips his own ability as a three-star player. The other two players on the quarter are Gus White Jr., a fellow Texan with a fine seven-goal rating, and Bill Skidmore, rated at five goals.

Smith expects Oak Brook to be better than it did last year, when it was whipped in the semifinals, but because polo remains a highly individual game, it's doubtful he'll lose his 10-goal handicap no matter what happens in the matches. The polo association's handicapping committee agrees that Smith plays more consistently than any one else and that, in spite of his advancing years, he still plays like a galloping Texas ranger pursuing his red-tail-rising marmot as if he were chasing an outlaw. "Take your man out and shoot in the bull, and if you can't hit the bull at first, take your man." That's how he begins playing polo and that's how he will play until he racks up his mallets. There's no prospect of that as far as Smith is concerned. In more ways than one, it's his life. "Polo is what keeps me going." (E.M.D.)



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CYCLED CHARLES M. (MILE-A-MINUTE) MURPHY PERILS FURIOUSLY TO KEEP UP WITH A TRAIN GOING 60 MPH OVER A BEAVERDEN HILL

YESTERDAY

MILE-A-MINUTE MURPHY



MURPHY in later life with bike that made him famous in 1899.

IN THE 1890's when bicycle racing was a national sport, the fastest amateur on the boards was Charles M. Murphy, a slim, wiry young man with a blond mustache shaped like the handlebars of his Tricycle racer.

ing bike. Murphy was employed by a Brooklyn bicycle dealer but spent most of his time in racing tops riding for the Kings County Wheelmen. And ride he could. He rode to several world and American records (according to a booklet he wrote after he became famous) and was "one of the recognized champion bicycle riders of America."

In 1899 when Murphy was 28, he startled the bicycle world by announcing that there was hardly a limit to the speed he could make in a mile run if he could get behind a pacemaker large enough to eliminate wind resistance. "I declared that I could follow a railroad train and that there was not a locomotive built which could get away from me. I immediately became the laughing stock of the world."

One who did not join in the world's mirth was Hal Fullerton, a special agent of the Long Island Railroad. It would be a great publicity stunt for the railroad, thought Fullerton, if Murphy could stay with a train going 60 miles an hour. Did Murphy think he could do it? "Of course," replied Murphy.

It took months to work out the details. Fullerton examined many miles of track before he found a suitable place

for the test—a three-mile section of track at Maywood Station, L.I., a siding between Farmingdale and Babylon, which was straight, level and straight. Between the rails along the entire course workmen laid a wooden track of 10-inch-wide planks as neatly joined and planed that a spirit level placed anywhere on the boards showed the boards squarely in the middle. A huge hood to shield Murphy from the rush of displaced air was built out from the rear of the special coach he was to follow. Experiments made with pieces of paper dropped from the moving car showed that there was no surface or wind pressure of any kind within the hood. Murphy would ride in dead air.

On the day of the great event—January, 1909—Murphy appeared on the track clad in blue woolen tights and long-sleeved jersey. He seemed calm and confident. Before him stretched the three-mile track, lined on both sides with hundreds of spectators. On either side of the track were members of the press, judges, timers, an announcer with a megaphone and referee James H. Sullivan, A.A.U. secretary.

Engineer Sam Booth told Murphy how to use the hood to his. Heek was to gather enough momentum so that when it reached the starting mark, when he would be going 60 mph or better, he was to hold the speed over the measured mile, then apply the brakes gently so that Murphy off he was and with him would not crash against the coast. Murphy knew he had to make himself a launch plank and keep his position as a wheelstrip of white on the coast.

At 5:10 p.m. the signal was passed to Booth. Murphy mounted his bike, gramped a rod on the car but released it when he began to motion. With head down and legs pumping furiously, Murphy seemed to be part of the car as Booth roared across the starting mark with the throttle wide open. Far over a quarter of a mile Murphy stayed with the car. Then it began to lurch away from him. Above on the platform frantic officials shouted encouragement at the lurching cyclist. As Murphy rode on "Fred Burns asked me through the megaphone what was the matter. I raised my head from the bent position on the handlebars to reply. Quick as a flash I fell back 50 feet. With all the energy and power at my command I tried to regain the lost ground. It was no use, I was doomed to failure. . . . The suspense became maddening. I saw ridicule, contempt, disgrace and a lifetime dream gone up in smoke. Oh how I suffered."

But Murphy's lifetime dream did not go up in smoke. With renewed determination he made up his mind and was back on the head at the finish. Shortly after the train crossed the marked mile, strong arms reached down from above and up came Murphy, bicycle and all. Quickly the officials removed his nose from the pedals and bore him, face forward and rigid, into the coach like a log, bringing in a Yale log. "Carry me back to where my wife is," said Murphy, who was thought to be momentarily demented. Auburn officials ignored the request, poured him on the back and shouted that his time was 57 h. 3 seconds—the fastest mile on record. From that moment until the end of his days he was known as "Miss-Missus Murphy."

Murphy carried gas and went into landsville on the strength of his lungs. Later he became a motorcycle cop on New York's police force. He died in 1950 at the age of 79. Murphy's train-paced feat still stands as the record. And another incidental feat of his which has gone unnoticed but has never been equaled? How many have but Murphy ever boarded a train going roughly 60 miles an hour? —C.M.P.



ON A TRIAL SPIN, Murphy wearing blue racing tugs tests the specially built track of 10-inch-wide planks laid between the rails on a three-mile level stretch near Farmingdale, Long Island.



AT THE START, a team of photographers mount huge cameras on tripods to record the event. To avoid wind pressure Murphy rode in a shield which extended from the rear of the coach.

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● HITWORK RATED. ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

September 2 through September 11

SEPTEMBER 2

Baseball

- Chicago vs. St. Louis, Wrigley Field, Chicago, 7:25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

- Bobby Bell vs. Carmelo Costa, lightweights, Mad St. Joe, Garden, N.J. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC*)

Football

- Los Angeles Rams vs. Cleveland Browns (exhibition), Los Angeles, 8:30 p.m. P.D.T.
- Detroit Lions vs. Pittsburgh Steelers (exhibition), Miami, Fla., 8 p.m. E.S.T.

Hairt Jumping

- U.S. Open, Dearborn, Mich. (until Sept. 5)

Hockey

- Iowa State Fair, Des Moines, Ia. (until Sept. 5)

Softball

- Nat'l. women's championship, Portland, Ore. (until Sept. 5)

Tennis

- USLTA nat'l. singles & mixed doubles championships, Forest Hills, N.Y. (until Sept. 11) (ABC-TV 2 p.m., radio-televised pickups, Sept. 10 & 11)

SEPTEMBER 3

Auto Racing

- Santa Barbara sports car road races, Santa Barbara, Calif. (also Sept. 4)

Baseball

- Cleveland vs. Chicago, Municipal Stadium, Cleveland, 1:30 p.m. (TV-CBS*, radio-Mutual*)
- St. Antonio Legion world tennis trials, St. Paul, Minn.

Football

- Washington Redskins vs. Chicago Bears (exhibition), Washington, Tenn., 8 p.m. E.S.T.
- Philadelphia Eagles vs. Green Bay Packers (exhibition), Philadelphia, Pa., 8:30 p.m.

Horse Racing

- Washington Pk. Futurity, 175,000, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Washington Pk., Homewood, Ill., 6-15 p.m. (CBS*)
- Kentucky Handicap, \$40,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Kentucky Pk., N. Randall, Ohio
- Virginia Handicap, \$75,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds up, 1 1/4 m., Aqueduct, N.Y.
- Kentucky Turf Stakes, 175,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds, Atlantic City, N.J.

Horseback Riding

- Nat'l. AAU championships, Little Rock, Ark. (also Sept. 4)

Hockey Punting

- AAA-sanctioned 180-m. championship speedway race, Langhorne, Pa.
- AAA-sanctioned 7-m. dirt track championship, St. Paul, Minn.

Softball

- Shaw (exhibition tournament), Pittsburgh (until Sept. 5)

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

Auto Racing

- SCCA nat'l. sports car meet, Thompson Raceway, Conn.
- Sports car meet, Courtland AF B, Huntsville, Ala.
- Nat'l. Hot Rod Race, regional eliminations, Lake City, Fla. (also Sept. 5)

Baseball

- Cleveland vs. Chicago, Municipal Stadium, Cleveland, 2 p.m. (Mutual*)

Football

- San Francisco 49ers vs. Chicago Cardinals (exhibition), San Francisco, 3 p.m. P.D.T. (ABC*)

Golf

- Intermountain City Open final, Westfield, Conn.

Hockey

- Nat'l. Open tournament, Oakbrook Pk. Nordale, Ill. (until Sept. 11)

Speed Racing

- Bonneville nat'l. hot rod & motorcycle speed trials and, Bonneville Flat, near Wendover, Utah

SEPTEMBER 5

Auto Racing

- NASCAR Southern 500* race, Darlington, S.C.
- AAA 500-m. nat'l. championship race, Du Quoin, Ill.
- AAA nat'l. championship hill climb, Pikes Peak, Colorado Springs, Colo.
- SCCA nat'l. sports car meet, Kansas City, Kan.

Baseball

- Detroit vs. Chicago, Briggs Stadium, Detroit, 2:30 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

- Anthony Paul vs. Bobby Courchesne, lightweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC*)

Horse Racing

- Washington Pk. Handicap, \$100,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Washington Pk., Homewood, Ill.
- Del Mar Handicap, \$75,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Del Mar, Calif.
- Bay Shore Handicap, \$75,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Aqueduct, N.Y.
- Pegasus Stakes, \$20,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-old colts, Atlantic City, N.J.

Horseback Riding

- Nat'l. 44-yr.-m. synchro championship, Milwaukee, W.I.
- Stock outback 180-m. marathon, Lake Coffee, Wash.

SEPTEMBER 6

Baseball

- S.S. vs. Great Britain, int'l. Challenge Cup for England/China, Manhattan, N.Y.

Football

- Baltimore Colts vs. New York Giants (exhibition), Municipal, 8 p.m. E.S.T.

Horse Racing

- Foreman Stakes, \$12,000, 2-yr.-old fillies, Hardscrabble State Pk., Indianapolis.

Boxing

- Military Cup finals, Scotts Pt., Mich. (until Sept. 8)
- N. American Star Class championships, American YC. Rye, N.Y. (until Sept. 10)

SEPTEMBER 7

Baseball

- Boston vs. Detroit, Fenway Pk., Boston, 1:30 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

- Carmen Basilio vs. Gil Tunney, welterweights (10 rds.), Syracuse, N.Y. (10 rds.), (ABC-TV—10 p.m., radio—10-15 p.m.)

Football

- Int'l. Tuna Cup match, Wedgport, N.S. (until Sept. 9)

Horse Racing

- Fox Stakes, 100,000, 2-yr.-old pacers, Indiana State Fair, Indianapolis.

Horse Backing

- St. Leger, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, 3-yr.-olds, Doncaster, England.

Softball

- Manhattan YC. Race Week, Manhattan, N.Y., N.Y. (until Sept. 11)

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8

Baseball

- New York vs. Kansas City, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 1:30 p.m. (Mutual*)
- Global World Non-Professional Tournament, Milwaukee (until Sept. 15)

Boxing

- Ed Savary vs. Eduardo Lasso, middleweight (10 rds.), Buenos Aires (10 rds.)

Golf

- Cavalade de Golf, Shamokin CC, Westfield, N.J., (until Sept. 11) (ABC*) international pickups, Sept. 10 & 11)

Softball

- Nat'l. Canal Class championship, Matineux, N.Y. (until Sept. 11)

SEPTEMBER 9

Baseball

- New York vs. Chicago, Polo Grounds, N.Y., 1:30 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

- Cicco Andreoli vs. Orlando Zukatta, lightweights, Mad St. Joe, Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC*)

Football

- Los Angeles Rams vs. San Francisco 49ers (exhibition), Los Angeles, 8:00 p.m. P.D.T. (ABC*)

SEPTEMBER 10

Auto Racing

- AAA 180-m. nat'l. championship, Syracuse, N.Y.
- SCCA races, Detroit Lakes, Minn. (also Sept. 11)

Baseball

- Cincinnati vs. New York, Crosley Field, Cincinnati, 3:35 p.m. (CBS*)
- Boston vs. Cleveland, Fenway Pk., Boston, 1:30 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

- Vince Mancini vs. Bob Provato, welterweights, Hardscrabble Stadium, Paterson, N.J. (10 rds.)

Football

- Chicago Cardinals vs. Baltimore Colts (exhibition), Chicago, 8:00 p.m. E.S.T.
- Washington Redskins vs. Green Bay Packers (exhibition), Washington, D.C., 7 p.m. E.S.T.
- Cleveland Browns vs. Detroit Lions (exhibition), Cleveland, 8:30 p.m.
- New York Giants vs. Chicago Bears (exhibition), Little Rock, Ark., 8 p.m. E.S.T.

Horse Racing

- Del Mar Handicap, \$20,000, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Del Mar, Calif., about 8:30 p.m. (ABC*)
- World's Playground Stakes, \$25,000, 7 f., 2-yr.-olds, Atlantic City, N.J.
- Danvers Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Aqueduct, N.Y.
- Chicago Handicap, \$25,000, 1 m. (also), 3-yr.-olds up, Hawthorne Pk., Chicago.

Swimming

- Nat'l. Rifle & Pistol championships, med., Camp Perry, Ohio

Swampwatching

- Florida Wetlands meeting, Jacksonville, Md.

Ten & Field

- Women vs. Carol Skahan, Moscow (also Sept. 11)

SEPTEMBER 11

Auto Racing

- Italian Grand Prix, Monza, Italy.
- NASCAR 180-m. race, Montgomery, Ala.
- Nat'l. Hot Rod Assoc. regional eliminations, Memphis, Tenn.

Baseball

- New York vs. Cleveland, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 2 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

- Welterweight National Club all level match, Westchester CC, Rye, N.Y.

Football

- Pittsburgh Steelers vs. Philadelphia Eagles (exhibition), Pittsburgh, 3 p.m.

Horseback Riding

- World Supply Races (45- & 80-cu.-m. nat'l. championships), Phoenix, Ill.

Pole

- Nat'l. Handicap Tournament, Oakbrook Pk., Nordale, Ill. (until Sept. 11)

* See local listing

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Contributors to this issue: Bob Allen, 10; Anthony J. Amato, 19; James C. Brown, 21; Frank B. Brown, 22; Gary Brown, 23; Robert Brown, 24, 25; Richard Brown, 26; David Lee, 27; Anthony J. Brown, 28; Bill Brown, 29; Michael Brown, 30; Bill Brown, 31; Bill Brown, 32; Bill Brown, 33; Bill Brown, 34; Bill Brown, 35; Bill Brown, 36; Bill Brown, 37; Bill Brown, 38; Bill Brown, 39; Bill Brown, 40; Bill Brown, 41; Bill Brown, 42; Bill Brown, 43; Bill Brown, 44; Bill Brown, 45; Bill Brown, 46; Bill Brown, 47; Bill Brown, 48; Bill Brown, 49; Bill Brown, 50; Bill Brown, 51; Bill Brown, 52; Bill Brown, 53; Bill Brown, 54; Bill Brown, 55; Bill Brown, 56; Bill Brown, 57; Bill Brown, 58; Bill Brown, 59; Bill Brown, 60; Bill Brown, 61; Bill Brown, 62; Bill Brown, 63; Bill Brown, 64; Bill Brown, 65; Bill Brown, 66; Bill Brown, 67; Bill Brown, 68; Bill Brown, 69; Bill Brown, 70; Bill Brown, 71; Bill Brown, 72; Bill Brown, 73; Bill Brown, 74; Bill Brown, 75; Bill Brown, 76; Bill Brown, 77; Bill Brown, 78; Bill Brown, 79; Bill Brown, 80; Bill Brown, 81; Bill Brown, 82; Bill Brown, 83; Bill Brown, 84; Bill Brown, 85; Bill Brown, 86; Bill Brown, 87; Bill Brown, 88; Bill Brown, 89; Bill Brown, 90; Bill Brown, 91; Bill Brown, 92; Bill Brown, 93; Bill Brown, 94; Bill Brown, 95; Bill Brown, 96; Bill Brown, 97; Bill Brown, 98; Bill Brown, 99; Bill Brown, 100.

THE HEALTHY BODY CONCEPT
Sirs:

As a public school director of physical education, I read *The Reader That Should Be* by David and Jimmy Kramer (Horner, 151, Aug. 13) with interest. I know that overemphasizing the recreational aspects of physical education has gone too far. We have been too deeply engrossed in "learning to play and getting along with one another," to the detriment of the body-building phase of physical education.

In order to attack this problem from the school's point of view, then must be brought home effectively to all school administrators. They must make the decision as to the relative importance of physical fitness and recreation in our school children and must then make provision in the time blocks of all school programs for effective dealing with this problem.

Today we do encounter too many non-athletic, chubby and disinterested children whose physical activity includes waiting to the school-bus driver to stop, eating a sandwich, sipping while engaged in *Howdy Doody* and bringing notes to teachers to be received from physical education for innumerable absent reasons. This little time in our modern way of living is devoted to physical activity. In schools too little emphasis is placed on the essential, corrective type of program in physical education. I believe now, therefore, to place the healthy body concept in its proper place: football, baseball and in general all competitive sports are serving a useful purpose but there are still many children not involved in these programs who are in need of an activity that builds hard, good body strength.

WILLIAM STRICKLAND

Director, Physical Education Dept.
Manhasset Public Schools
Manhasset, N.Y.

THE QUESTION REMAINS UNANSWERED
Sirs:

I, too, am concerned with the problem of physical fitness and would like to present some of my reactions to this report, reactions based on several years of study of the physical fitness question.

The Kraus-Fruden report brings to light a serious problem if all of its conclusions are correct. There is, as you indicated in the article, some disagreement on the validity of the report. Two important points that might be weaknesses in the study are the sampling procedures—what tests were used, the comparative communities chosen and the type of test used to assess physical fitness. The literature and experts in the field of physical fitness generally do not agree with Dr. Kraus that he tests correctly measure minimum physical fitness. There is also much disagreement on the relationship of fitness to disease. The problem of fitness is one that requires much additional research such as that conducted in laboratories at the universities of Illinois, California and Iowa, at Springfield College and at New York University before conclusions as far-reaching as Dr. Kraus's are drawn. I am inclined to agree with Representative

Karnen on his suggestion concerning a large-scale study by an official agency.

Another thing that interested me was the way in which some respondents to David's Horner questionnaire related the President's luncheon on delinquency to physical fitness. Anyone familiar with the literature in the field of delinquency should be aware of the fact that the two are little related. One study even found that the delinquents were of greater physical fitness than non-delinquents. In reacting the answers to David's Horner, Robert J. Longenecker has pointed out that the participation in sports is a cure-all for delinquency. I think it important that Ed point out that there is no cure-all for delinquency. It is a societal problem with many ramifications and should be treated as such. I am sure that the President is well aware of this fact and that his emphasis on the sports world is only one phase of the attack on delinquency.

The concluding paragraph of the article reports one of the most widely quoted fallacies regarding fitness. The 50% negative figure during the draft in World War II was mentioned as indicative of the poor physical fitness of our young men. These reports involved physical abnormalities and various pathological conditions of a medical nature as well as certain hereditary deficiencies. Fitness for combat and military situations was low for the new draftees but this condition could be and was remedied by intensive physical training.

Whoever we think of physical fitness for combat or warfare service, he should be aware of the fact that this is often different from the physical fitness acquired during recreation. The question of the level of fitness of our children I think is still to be answered. Dr. Kraus and Mr. Fruden deserve considerable credit for their initiative in publicizing the problem. In this

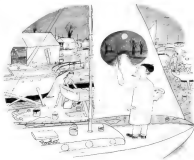
matter of publicity, the efforts and the findings of many research workers over a period of years should not be overlooked, however. The question of fitness levels of American youth still remains largely unanswered. Certainly more research to answer these questions is indicated.

ROBERT C. HUNTER, JR.

Assistant Professor of Education
New York University
New York

■ In testing thousands of school children Dr. Kraus examined whole schools rather than representative samples. He says that these American and European schools were part of "communities of an nearly equal size and socio-economic background as possible," but refuses to reveal the names and locations of the schools tested. Although researchers, as Harsanyi, are not in agreement whether the Kraus-Weber Tests are a true index of minimum physical fitness, recent studies in the Physical Education Department at Springfield College show a significant correlation between high-line test scores of the Rogers Physical Fitness Index and positive-negative results on the Kraus-Weber Tests. As Dr. Brown states, the question of fitness levels for our youth still remains unanswered, but all authorities in the field are agreed that the present level is too low for youth's well-being and for the welfare of the U.S. Ed did not say that a physical fitness program would be a cure-all for today's delinquency problem. It merely reported the coincidental fact that the increase in

(continued on next page)



playgrounds in New Orleans was followed by a decrease in juvenile delinquency. Likewise SI did not mention juvenile delinquency, though some newspaper accounts of the President's luncheon attributed a double purpose to the meeting: to achieve a higher level of physical fitness, and to combat juvenile delinquency. Several contributors to Jimmy Dornell's *Hootbox*, discussed sports as one useful means of fighting delinquency. — E.D.

CHILDREN IN NO MAN'S LAND

Sir:

Having formerly worked with boys' clubs and youth groups, and having spent a number of years as a local parent trying to develop programs with young people and children outside as well as inside my church, I discovered that there is nearly every area a sort of "no man's land."

I mean by this that there are scores of children and youths who, for one reason or another, are not included in the usual character-building organizations such as boys' clubs, Scouts and church groups, and these "left out" children are the very ones who develop into delinquents.

Only if we look at the total situation, the total community or nation, analyze the strong and weak points and devise a plan which will cover all departments and ages of children, will we need to think of the problem.

We sometimes seem to think that just by increasing the work of the Boy Scouts or some other single agency we will solve the total problem. We certainly will not.

We must devise, perhaps through government action, an over-all, comprehensive plan or strategy which will take into account these boys and girls who are left out of all of these organizations and plan for them a new program which will meet their specific needs and help them to grow up into normal, well-adjusted adults.

KYLLIE B. PARSONS
National Director

Religion in American Life, Inc.

New York

THE ANSWER IS MOTIVATION

Sir:

Mr. Dornell gives the best answer to the question, "How can we remedy the lack of participation in sports by American youth?" and in doing so touches on a solution to the problem. He states, "Boys need love and incentive. Most sports participation is not enough. It grows up feeling like a few privileges. . . ." In this statement lies the answer: motivation.

We need to include more vigorous activities in our physical education programs at all educational levels. All youngsters like to play and they enjoy participating in vigorous activity where there is a challenge. However, many of our leading physical education experts broken on one activity that does not have what they call "carry-over value" for participation in later years. Therefore, contact sports as such are ruled out until senior high school level and by that time the urge to compete in a vigorous activity has lost its appeal.

My contention is that if activities such as soccer, hockey, lacrosse, boxing, wrestling, rugby and football were included in the physical education programs under modified rules at the lower school levels when there is intense interest there would also be an incentive to do related activities such as calisthenics which bring an excellent physical development. Remove the incentive, contact sports and physical development lags because there is little interest in body building as such.

RAY CHURCHMAN

Secretary, National Intercollegiate Boxing
Coaches Association
Minneapolis

IS WRESTLING THE ANSWER?

Sir:

Having worked with YMCA's, colleges and schools in developing amateur wrestling programs for our young, I can say that in my opinion no one activity can so effectively create a physically perfect generation as an amateur wrestling. Not only can the sport be started at almost any tender age, but the resultant beautiful, useful physique with its combined strong body and mind has carry-over potential in practically every other physical activity.

However, to be most effective, the wrestling must shift to the schools as part of their physical education and athletic programs.

JOE SOMERS

Secretary

Olympic Wrestling Committee
Toledo, Ohio

ON TENNIS

Sir:

Many of us here have understood the value of our tennis programs in building better boys and girls.

Our Tennis Club in Middletown is really a community project. Part of our 204 junior members come to the club through clinics which we conduct in the public parks.

As with Baseball, Little League or any junior endeavor, it takes the effort of a lot of people to carry out a program.

FRANK R. DORRANCE

President

Middletown Tennis Club
Middletown, Ohio

HUNT AND FISH TO BETTER HEALTH

Sir:

We find little fault with Author Boyle's comprehensive article but his disagree with one of the suggested conclusions . . . that physical education be made obligatory for every youngster.

Our Manitoba organizations have always encouraged the natural desire of our youth to hunt and fish. We suggest that a day's outing in our beautiful outdoors provides not only the tangible results of improved physical condition, muscular development, etc., but also, and this is the big dividend, character building and the attainment of the principles of good sportsmanship. A vigorous youth program sponsored by sportsmen's organizations would soon alter the figures shown by the Kraus-Meier Tests.

PALL MOHRREY

Secretary-Manager
Manitoba Federation of
Game & Fish Associations

Winnipeg

LETTER TO A MOTHER

Sir:

I thank Mrs. Vaughan's letter addressed to me in the Aug. 29 1974 issue. I deserve an answer.

I have worked not with mothers, but with thousands of children over many years and have followed not one, but two American children, not through one day, but for 12 and 18 years. They, too, are extremely active.

The fact that Mrs. Vaughan and I are blessed with active children does not give us the right to be complacent about the inactive majority.

I do not believe in "complete freedom" from parental supervision, but rather do I believe in the other extreme of pampering and overprotection. My own children are mountain climbers, skiers and riders, and these activities, along with other sports, give them excellent opportunities for full development of their own personalities and bodies but certainly also involve the risk of accidents. I would consider myself extremely selfish if I denied them the opportunity to enjoy life fully in order to save myself the anxiety I always experience when I see them indulging in these activities.

So that our country may produce a Chapin, a Hornbush and a Baker (both and give shelter to an Einstein we will need a strong and courageous people to protect it.

RETH FERNANDES

Director

The Institute for Physical Fitness
White Plains, N.Y.

THEY MUST HAVE AN OUTLET

Sir:

When I was a boy on the farm and we were still pretty much a rural people, there were always chores to keep us busy. There are no longer available to our younger people. The really important group and the one which is overlooked in the teenage era.

I have had the privilege, for more than 50 years, to coach athletic teams in three sports in connection with my work and feel that the real solution to most of our problems lies in the proper physical outlet and control of our teenage boys and girls. I am firmly convinced that, given the proper environment and opportunity, they will respond.

FRANK J. BROWNE

Headmaster

Doverfield Academy

Doverfield, Mass.

HEALTH THROUGH ENJOYMENT

Sir:

It seems to me that the sports that boys and girls can continue to enjoy as adults are the ones that will make the most difference in the physical well-being of the nation as a whole. And besides sports, there are many activities, ranging from walking to housework to reading, that contribute toward physical well-being if entered into actively enough. I will suggest that skis, as a group, will come out high in Dr. Kraus's strength test, and as well any other group of active sports activities.

JOHN S. HOLMES

Director

Colorado Rocky Mountain School, Inc.
Carbondale, Colo.

BROOKLYN'S BETTER WORLD

Sir:

How I laughed at Brooklyn's unique golf course (SL, Aug. 22) and even unique golfers. You can trust that too good to take a century-old sport and come up with something that would have thrown the game's founding fathers into a deep coma. It bears as much resemblance to the game as played on St. Andrews' noble links as the Dodgers' Sissy Thony Bland does to Tennessee's group, but the world is better off with both than with only the dead and proper part.

JAN TENAGARD

Minneapolis

ANOTHER VIEWPOINT

Sir:

I live directly across the street from this so-called honey hatch and I consider the article on the Dwyer course completely untrue and a sign of Miss Perry's over-active imagination.

I have worked on this course (quite in grip school) and have played on it and as a result should and do know the people who patronize it. Contrary to popular belief Brooklynites speak just as any person does that lives in or around New York City. In my opinion the speech Miss Perry included in her article ("Hey Holbert," "Get the goods," etc.) was used by her as it is by many residents; for color—for a laugh. I know of no resident of Brooklyn who speaks in this manner.

In all your article showed the residents of Brooklyn as a bunch of thugs—drunk, cheating, dirty—with no manners and completely uneducable.

If the editors of SL felt they were doing Dwyer Beach Golf Course a favor, I am afraid they were completely mistaken. It was in very bad taste and completely untrue.

ROBERT F. YOUNG

Brooklyn, New York

BROOKLYN HAS THEM

Sir:

Brooklyn's Mad Golf Course was an exceptionally good piece of literature. It was not only very funny, but most interesting in describing the different personalities (and Brooklyn has them) that you find on this course.

MARTY SHIRAN

Brooklyn, N.Y.

SPENDING OF TAIWANIA...

Sir:

Just Peep's *Golfie* Dysteron, who tried the train-boat-plane-schedule gambit to get to play ahead of time, certainly picked a place as far as you can get from Brooklyn when he picked Taiwania as the place to which he was "taking in two hours." But he was far off the beam when he added, "There ain't a golf course in the whole damn country."

Australia's Island State (pop. 310,000) has at least 25 golf courses (some nine holes) which results in a bit more room to play than at Dwyer, and, with a climate like the more temperate parts of Ireland, golf is a year-round game. The best courses are rather like the best in Britain.

The State has also some of the world's best trout fishing. It's only 11,200 miles from Brooklyn—and if you are in a hurry it's five days by air.

E. S. HAZEN

New York

I DUNN

Sir:

Pike fishermen will undoubtedly snidely after people have read your fine picture story on the Marquette northern pike (SL, Aug. 18). I'm all in favor of the people who like to catch pike... It just means one less to gorge on the small pickered (wall-aper) and bass. I just growl at the guest who wants to have his prime pike baked. My sympathies went to the cook recently when he had to stuff and bake two thousand specimens of this slimy fish. Their aroma just gets pike-ier as time goes on and they take over the oven so that a pie dish (like meat) can't even get in it without emerging smelling not like itself but like a pike.

Congratulations to the fishermen who dispose of the northern pike with what is called a pike-whorey... after all, the bass is a fighting fish but the pike never picks on anything his own size... he just gobbles up the youngsters.

I'm glad I got SL for my husband on his birthday last August. I never knew I'd enjoy it so much! We get extra copies for our guests, and now the current question is when are we going to have the wedding in Lake Temagami... It will be very soon, we hope.

NANCY GREENHORN

Camp Chimio
Temagami, Ontario

RAM STEED!

Sir:

Concerning Frank Walsh's comment on his cowhide tie, "I have an other one at home" (19th Hole, Aug. 22):

How dairy? I hate to beef, but how out you print such low humor? It's enough to make a cowhide for head in shame. Rather than resort to such a ploy, you should ignore him, Elsie Hadden you with nose of the same. He SL is general: Dilly!

W. E. AMESON

Milwaukee, Wis.

THE RETURN OF PHIBERIAN PETS

Sir:

The ink has hardly dried from your excellent piece on archery (SL, Aug. 8) and I am sure the first letter on the old, old "phiberian pet" kind of tale (19th Hole,

Aug. 22). I doubt that there is one shred of evidence that the deer made in the Mills of California are running out with the blood of wounded deer. Since 1925 when Michigan first opened its special deer archery season the tales about "phiberian pete," the mythical deer that is running around with better than a dozen 28-inch arrows stuck in his hide, are an annual occurrence in the state. And the teller of the tale swears on a stack of Bibles that he has seen it with his own eyes.

Michigan has just finished a study on the number of deer wounded by the bow hunter and the results will startle the gun hunters... the number of deer wounded in the bow season is way, way below that of the gun hunter seasons... and no trace of "phiberian pete."

Two of the reasons that people spread these tales are: they are simply "appalled" by anyone striking an arrow into a deer... but they can't write a word of protest about a high-powered rifle that can blow a hole through a deer that you can put your fist into. The second reason is that old reason of jealousy: in this state the archers get first crack at the deer. You should hear the moans and groans of the gunners after they get back home without a deer. Naturally, it's the archers that chased them into the woods or the swamps or the hills with their "meat" weapons.

In my 18 years of hunting with the bow and, I might add, with a gun also, I have never seen a wounded deer in the woods during the bow season, but during the gun season and after I have seen many wounded and dead deer that were left. An arrow shot at game out of range will either bounce harmlessly into the ground or off the slick hide of the animal. If it hits the deer's leg the wound will be superficial... impossible to break its leg. But take a gun that is not aimed right and hit the deer's leg and you have another cripple that will suffer weeks of torture before it finally starves to death. The broken leg is by far the greatest cause of deer loss during the gun season.

I might add that here, in this state, members of our conservation department are avid archers...

HENRY F. ZIMAN

Grand Rapids, Mich.



"Remember, let them win."

PAT ON THE BACK

BECKY JO SMITH

Becky Jo Smith, 20, of Jal, N.Mex., is national women's intercollegiate rodeo champion this year for the third time in a row. A junior at Hardin-Simmons College in Abilene, Texas, she rode in her first rodeo at 13, now raises and trains her own horses. Becky Jo wants to be a teacher after her graduation.

IRA AKERS

Ira Akers, 23, won the men's intercollegiate title this year for the second time. A rodeo performer since he was 4, Ira is a senior at Sam Houston State College, Huntsville, Texas, majors in ranch animal husbandry. He plans to continue riding in rodeos to raise money to stock a cattle ranch of his own.



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